RESTORATION *Review*

In This Issue:

FRUIT IN HIS SEASON
A Short Story
By Laurie L. Hibbert

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RESTORATION *Review*

A Quarterly Journal of Philosophy of Restoration

Dedicated to the Task of Defining the
Restoration of Primitive Christianity as the
Spiritual, Moral and Intellectual Ideal of

Modern Man

LEROY GARRETT, *Editor*
CLINT EVANS, *Publisher*

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EDITOR JOINS FACULTY OF BETHANY COLLEGE

I have accepted the responsibility of the Department of Philosophy at Bethany College in Bethany, West Virginia. I will move my family to the mountain state in September at which time I will enter upon what I believe will be the greatest experience of my life. To teach philosophy is a thrill in anybody's college; but to teach philosophy in the hills that gave birth to the Restoration Movement is something special. Alexander Campbell will be my neighbor; his library will be in the same building where I will have my office. If *that* will not inspire a man to move toward excellence, then I suppose he cannot be inspired.

I rejoice to have as my daily companions such great minds as Plato, Descartes, and Kant; but at Bethany I can also walk with Pendleton, Garfield, and McGarvey. Think how it would make *you* feel to pause along the hillside on your way to class and see Alexander and Thomas Campbell with Walter Scott pass by on horseback on their way to New Lisbon, Ohio where Scott is to be named the Restoration Movement's first evangelist! Can you not hear them as they exchange ideas on the plan of salvation?

If we are to sanctify the present we must hallow the past. As America struggles for the meaning of her own existence we see her turning to her own past for part of the answer. If the great Disciple brotherhood is to find itself it must have fellowship with its own past. This is the main reason why I decided to go to Bethany College. I want to live next door to Alexander Campbell for awhile. It will do my lazy bones good to see him go to his study each morning well before dawn, and to notice how sometimes the yard bell beckons him to breakfast after an all-night vigil in his study. I need to get the feel of how sorrow, tragedy, and disappointment somehow blend with discipline, industry, and dedication in producing a mind like Alexander Campbell. I think our present, mixed-up world and our neurotic, mercurial brotherhood will be more understandable by means of an extended rendezvous with yesteryears.

So I trust you will permit *Restoration Review* to be a kind of liaison with our great and glorious past as we pitch our tent alongside Buffalo Creek. Surely you will want to hear a man who comes to you from Alexander Campbell! Other than a dramatic change in what the Germans would call *sitz im leben* this journal will continue to be what it has been—an independent journal that is in orbit, tied to no party and obligated to no persuasion. It will be published from Alton, Illinois as it has been. It will be no more affiliated with Bethany College than it has been with MacMurray College. It is joining no party of the brotherhood that it loves and serves, but it will continue to be an independent voice for disciples-at-large.

I feel that something great, good and wonderful is going to happen to our brotherhood in the next few decades. Professionally speaking, I think by being at Bethany College I can involve myself in all that is in the offing better than where I have taught for the past several years. I will be able to see better. The perch is higher. I told you in a previous editorial that during a visit to Bethany I got a lump in my throat. Well, I suppose that makes a long story short. In view of what I want to do for the cause of Restoration I need a lump in my throat.

DAVID BENJAMIN GARRETT

A little boy named “Benjy” has come to live with us. He is hardly one year old. Though we have had him but a few weeks, he has already climbed into our hearts. He has a little motor that he turns on when he is happy, so he spends much of his time playing with toys and purring up a storm. Sometimes I hear him awake late in the night, lying in his crib and running his motor. He is a handsome lad with blonde hair, blue eyes, buoyant face, and a bay window. He seems to love life, especially when he goes strolling in the park.

We have adopted each other. He shall be to me a son, and I shall be to him a father. Heaven has taught us that there can be no relationship higher or holier than that of adoption. It is a sacred trust that adds a new dimension to life. Benjy joins Phoebe as our second adopted child. They come from very different backgrounds. It is going to be interesting to see them grow up together-Phoebe with her wild, adventurous spirit; and Benjy with his meek acquiescence. They are doing well in adjusting themselves to each other. They well illustrate how God’s children can be so different and yet live happily together under the protective and adoptive care of the heavenly Father.

Benjy had some difficulty for the first day or so he was with us. He had been tossed about here and there in welfare homes until he had no feeling of real security. When we drove away from the welfare home with him we had one frantic baby on our hands. He cried himself to exhaustion and would then look at us in quiet desperation. It gives one a helpless feeling. We knew it was for his good, but we also knew there was anxiety within

him. As the miles slowly clicked off we found that he did better if we did not try to hold him or give him any attention, so we sat him beside us, gave him a toy and left him alone as much as we could. For many miles he stared at us through tear-dimmed eyes and with grave suspicion.

But once we got him to Phoebe he was a different lad. She took over, assuring him that "everything is going to be all right," and assuming her role as a little mother with considerable maturity for a five-year old girl. In a matter of minutes he had that little motor going and showed every sign of being a permanent member of the family.

During this ordeal of Benjy's adjustment I thought of how difficult life is for all of us. It is not easy for us to make the changes that are demanded of those who would attain maturity. Man finds his false security in the *status quo.* It is easier for him to stay where he is than to venture forth into new frontiers of truth seeking. Like a baby he feels uprooted if he is required to give up those stereotypes that seem to answer all his questions. He does not *really* want to think, though he kids himself into believing that he is quite liberal and open-minded. His mediocre environment makes it possible for him to pity those who are "in error," while at the same time he has an inward resentment for excellence. If someone does by chance jar him loose from his complacency and causes him to face up to the real issues of life, he may well suffer the same desperation and anxiety of an uprooted child. But blessed are the sensitive, for they shall find the abundant life.

His name shall be called David Benjamin. He is named for relatives as well as those great heroes of Israel. Israel's David "was skillful in playing, a man of valor, a man of war, prudent in speech, and a man of good presence, and the Lord is with him." Samuel saw him as "ruddy, beautiful eyes, handsome." Most important of all is that he was a man after God's own heart. Benjamin means "son of happiness' and his story reveals how great a love a man can have for his brother and how much affection a father can show to a son. To Jacob little Benjamin was the son of his beloved Rachel; to Joseph he was a full brother and one whose hands were clean of the family treachery that had deeply wounded him. Rachel died giving birth to Benjamin and so she named him "son of my sorrow." But Jacob insisted that he should he "son of happiness." From sorrow to happiness: a short commentary on much of what life has to offer. So may it be with our Benjy.

This personal account was interrupted by a call to lunch. There was Benjy in his highchair munching and wrestling with a piece of toast, Phoebe dashing in and out as she prepared her own lunch to be eaten in the tent out in the yard now that she is an Indian, and Ouida attending to the chores of a busy mother. Amidst it all I saw Ouida studying the awkward motions of her new son. She turned to me and said, "How I adore that little boy." And then I said to my beloved: "How fortunate he is to have you for his mother. It could have been so different. As I look out on a world troubled with hate, war, and hunger it is refreshing to see something so good as you and this little boy together."

OUR PREACHERS AND CRIME

The Associated Press has issued from Chicago the story of Donald Hardage, 32, who has been indicted as the leader of a six-man robbery gang that cleared $30,000 in two supermarket holdups. The gang was caught in its effort to rob the same store for the third time. The news release explains that Hardage was formerly a Church of Christ minister in Dallas and that he was graduated from Abilene Christian College with highest honors in 1948. He turned to gambling when members of his Dallas congregation took him to Las Vegas. He told police in Chicago the gambling bug bit him. His prominent family in Florida gave him $40,000 to set up a business, but he soon lost it on the gambling boards of Las Vegas. He says now that he wants to plead guilty and serve his time.

A few months before the Associated Press released the story of William W. Crossman, 25, another Church of Christ minister who was indicted for abduction and rape in Joliet, Illinois. Crossman went out one night and held a knife to an 18-year old girl as she left a shopping center in Joliet, forced her into his car and drove to a rural area where he raped her at knife point. He went back out the very next night to do more “personal work.” By the same method he abducted another young lady and raped her. In the struggle one of the women broke the glass covering the clock on the car’s dashboard. With this description the police found the car parked on a Joliet street weeks later. They waited until Crossman returned from a movie with his wife and baby. He was lucky to escape the death penalty; he is now serving a 65-year sentence. All this time he was the regular minister for the Morris Church of Christ near Joliet. He was educated at Freed-Hardeman College, a Church of Christ training school in Tennessee.

Perhaps we should not include here the story of the Church of Christ minister involved in the quiz-show scandals, for Charles Van Doren is the expiation for all such!

These terrible tales of woe should help us to realize that our struggle against sin is a desperate one and that there is much more of the world in the church than we are willing to admit. A look at these two preaching brethren behind bars should cause us to blush rather than to rationalize. It is true that these things might have happened in anybody’s church, but it is significant that they took place among us. We are perhaps more critical of other religious people than any church on earth. We pass along lurid stories about priests and nuns. Snake-handlers, “Holy Rollers”, and Mormons are fodder for gibes. I’ve seen professors in our colleges crack jokes about people who kneel in prayer. We are so everlastingly right about everything, while others are *in error.* We are a kind of heavenly pets that have priority on truth. We are “the Church” while all others are sectarians. Through the years we have had little fellowship with the suffering people of the world. We are short on mercy.

We simply are not as humble as we ought to be. We know too much. We are too righteous. We would do well to pause amidst our vanity and immaturity long enough to wash the feet of "the sectarians" instead of to prepare lists of their ecclesiastical errors. We should declare a day for brotherhood soul-searching. It would be well on such a day for one of our publishing houses to issue another kind of book entitled "Why I Left." This one would not be the usual diet of why some people left the different denominations to join us, but would be an account of why some of our best minds have left us. We are a people that has not yet learned to look at the other side of the coin. We cannot see ourselves as others see us. We make progress in building up what we call "the Church of Christ," which is only *a party movement* and not a unity movement, and we have learned little about compassion and the alleviation of human misery.

There will not be much said about these robbers and rapists, especially by the guardians of "Christian Education." It will be better to talk about Pat Boone and Bobby Morrow, who admittedly make better window pieces. No one is going to say, of course, that our Christian colleges are to blame for these criminal lives. By the same logic, however, the colleges should not make extravagant claims for the "Christian environment" of their campus life. If they insist on receiving praise for their many students who build homes without divorce, then they might share a bit of the blame for those who go wrong. The list of wrongdoers among our college products does not end, of course, with these extreme cases of crime. We have contributed mightily to a sensual culture. Sectarian pride may, after all, do far more harm to the Christian cause than those do who pay for their crimes behind prison walls Nor should we forget that our number of "degenerates" is as great as that of other religious people. Perhaps we have more cause to mourn Over our sins than to boast to the world that we are the New Testament church and that the problem of religious confusion is to be solved by everyone joining us.

Perhaps we have neglected the heart. Has religious austerity displaced the meekness and tenderness of Christ? Jesus rode a donkey, washed feet, dined with harlots and sinners, and prayed tenderly for his abusers. Do you know *that* Jesus? Maybe we need piety more than church edifices. Jesus wept at the tomb of Lazarus. Let us look into the tomb of our own decadence and send up our lament. And let us learn to blush!

> "Were they ashamed when they committed abomination?
> No, they were not at all ashamed;
> They did not know how to blush." (Jer.6:15)

THE PURPOSE OF THIS JOURNAL

The publisher of *Restoration Review,* Clint Evans of Alton, Illinois, was recently in attendance at a religious retreat where a number of the participants were readers of this journal. In some of the informal conversations the topic of discussion turned to this publication and its editor. Mr. Evans was asked about the mission of *Restoration Review.* "Just what are you trying to do?" was in essence what they asked him. He has in turn suggested to me that we make clear what our purpose is. The intention of this editorial, therefore, is to spell out with some detail our mission in this publication.

Before I enumerate our aims I should first of all state that our general purpose is to support the cause of the Restoration Movement. We do not accept the view of some that the restoration of the ancient order is a reality. The concept of Restoration as initiated by the Campbells and other Disciple pioneers has not yet reacher maturation. In fact the Movement they started has been raped by the very unseemly forces that the Movement was intended to correct and which it opposed from its inception. I refer to the party spirit that is fostered through professionalism and institutionalism within the ranks of Disciples themselves.

I am saying that the Restoration Movement has not yet achieved the goal that gave it birth: *the restoration of the New Testament ecclesia.* Part of our task is to arouse our people to a realization of the fact that we have not only failed to complete the work that our pioneers began, but that we have sinned by allowing ourselves to divide into numerous parties, all but killing the work of the pioneers. The journal assumes, therefore, that the various segments of the Restoration Movement (principally identified as the Christian Church, Disciples of Christ, and Church of Christ) have very largely lost sight of the original purpose of our movement. Having lost our way we have been content to add at least three more denominations to our confused religious world. Even more serious is the fact that we cannot even get along with each other. The dissenting groups are hardly on speaking terms with each other. There is almost no contact. It appears that we are hopelessly divided, thus rupturing the very spirit that gave us birth.

Our overall purpose in supporting the cause of Restoration has three functions: (1) a plea for a re-evaluation of our condition as heirs of the Campbell movement; (2) a call for more contact and exchange of ideas between the existing factions; (3) an effort toward more unity and fellowship among all Disciples.

Every responsible publication has a philosophy that undergirds all aspects of its work. Usually that philosophy is a reflection of the mind of the editor himself. For good or bad a journal of this type is a kind of extension of the selfhood of the one who edits it. For this reason I am going to reveal to my readers some of the ideas that influence me as the editor of this journal. These may be thought of as structural concepts for a philosophy of restoration.

1. It is my conviction that the Restoration Movement is basically an *intellectual* endeavor. It has the sacred task of making people more intelligent. It believes that understanding is a gift of God, and that it is better to understand than not to understand. A restorationist is first of all an educator. His textbook is the Bible and the arts and sciences his resources. He believes that *all* truth is of God, and so he views science, mathematics, and literature as the work of God. To understand means to know the self and the world in which the self lives. This is why every restorationist is interested in psychology, anthropology, geology, history, philosophy and even the fine arts.

There is an anti-intellectualism among the heirs of the Restoration Movement. I see this as one of our most serious weaknesses. The tragedy is that it is often the institutions of learning that reflect this unholy attitude toward understanding. Some colleges of the Restoration Movement actually stifle the spirit of inquiry. They make almost no contribution to serious research or sophisticated criticism. Their approach to nearly all our problems is parochial. Instead of cultivating a free mind they direct an inquiring mind into the labyrinth of stereotypes and presuppositions.

The journals among us are in the main as anti-intellectual as the colleges and Bible schools. One can detect no vision of excellence. Many of the arguments that are repeated each generation without re-evaluation are puerile and inexcusable. Even more serious is the party spirit, which is the next of kin of the anti-intellectual spirit. Many of the papers among us close their columns to anyone that dares to think. I recall how one intelligent Disciple, a university law professor by the name of Gilbert O. Nations, sent an article to a Church of Christ journal in Nashville. The article, which was a thought-provoking evaluation of our idea of evangelism, happened to imply that Billy Graham was preaching the gospel. The editor returned the manuscript with a notation across the top of the first page that read, “We do not consider Billy Graham a gospel preacher.” It is just that simple! I suppose I could write a volume on such immaturities on the part of our journalists and educators. It is enough to say here that such is not the spirit of Alexander Campbell who gave to all Disciples the heritage of a free mind.

Those who fill the pulpits and teach in the Sunday schools but reflect the shallowness of journals and Bible colleges. The professional minister is almost always the product of the Bible college or seminary. He is probably a party man who follows the party line. His reading material is likely limited to what he gets from the party publication house, including the party organ. Even if he knows how to read the Bible (analytically, I mean) he is probably influenced by those stale interpretations that he learned in school, which he could never have learned by a fresh, creative examination of the Bible itself. Consequently his sermons are superficial, dull and unedifying. Their strength lie in their recapitulation of the party line-the do’s and don’t’s, the stereotypes, and the criteria of party loyalty. There are exceptions, of course, but it is usually a trying experience to sit through the typical

performance. It takes a good sport to do it, or else one who thinks the devil will get him if he doesn't. One often wonders after going through the ordeal if it really has to be that bad.

The restorationist is a reformer as well as an educator. This too calls for serious and responsible thinking. The reformer's task is to expose the sin of over-simplification, which is always at the heart of religious decadence. He re-complexifies the great issues that puerile minds have made too easy. Since mediocrity resents excellence and since it is in man to be mentally lazy, the reformer has his cross to bear. He will be misunderstood and thus treated as an enemy rather than a friend. He will be feared, for his ideas are a threat to those who feel uneasy about change. The reformer is a threat to the security of those "who are at ease in Zion," and so he must suffer their reprisals. "Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne."

I do not mean formal education when I refer to an intellectual approach to Restoration. Intelligence is not measured by degrees and diplomas. It is devotion to ideas that we need rather than the collection of sheepskins. While the restorationist certainly encourages formal education, he realizes that the affairs of the kingdom of God operate at the grassroots level, and that it is the common man that makes possible the revolutions that lead to reformation and restoration. I agree with Descanes, the French mathematician and philosopher, that all men are equally rational. One man can see the difference between right and wrong, truth and error as well as the next man. Man is essentially good. He responds to reason.

Restoration Review is a reasonable appeal to the average person who is willing to think. Though we believe in an intellectual approach, our mission is to the common man more than to the intelligentsia. We address a *thinking* class, but not especially the *educated* class. Restoration will become real when the baker, plumber, farmer, mechanic, clerk, business man and professional man can all move within the world of ideas. Religious studies will be exciting and edifying when the laboring man and professional man can share together in the great conversation. God never intended that his people congregate in order to listen to a professional minister preach sermons. The ecclesia is educationally effective when it provides opportunity for *mutual* ministry, the sharing of ideas by people who are busy studying and thinking. This began in the Jewish synagogue and it was continued in the early Christian assemblies. Christianity forfeited both its freedom and its creativity when it devised a clergy to do its thinking and talking.

Our mission, therefore, is to restore man's dignity and individuality by making him a priest of God. To do this we must get him to think. He must understand that his mission is to minister, not to be ministered to.

We have now given the *heart* of the publication philosophy behind this journal. We will now state other ideas with more brevity.

2. I believe that the congregations of the Restoration Movement have lost their continuity with the past. Disciples are ignorant of their own history; they do not know where they have been, and consequently are vague about where they are going. When people are ignorant of history they often repeat the mistakes of history. It is our intention, therefore, that this journal may help tie together the cords of the past and present. The pioneers should be heard, criticized and re-evaluated. There is an evolutionary process to Restoration; one generation takes up where the preceding one left off.

3. The editor of this journal is convinced that it is absolutely imperative that measures be taken to cultivate more brotherliness among our divided people if the Restoration Movement is to be saved. Already we have been indifferent too long. The underlying fallacy of our excommunication of each other is the notion that "the unity of the Spirit," which we are commanded to preserve *in the bond of peace,* is dependent upon doctrinal agreement. It is wrong to suppose that unity comes first, then fellowship; it is rather fellowship, then unity. We should be able to worship and work together and recognize each other as brother even if we have many different opinions Whether one is right or wrong in his views and practice regarding instrumental music has not one thing to do with the fellowship to be shared by all saints alike in Christ Jesus. This is a paramount issue in the publication of this journal.

4. We agree with Bacon that writing makes an exact man. A subsidiary aim is to give younger and less experienced men opportunity to test their ideas by writing for this journal. I might add that Bacon prefaced his remark with the statement that reading makes a full man and conversation a ready man. It is hoped that our writers will first be *full* and *ready* before they start writing.

Perhaps I should conclude by saying that we have enjoyed some success in the pursuit of these purposes. We have an army of people in discipledom who enjoy entertaining an idea. I teach my students that the best way to entertain a fellow is with an idea! Many people are eager to do some critical thinking and to move to higher levels of understanding. Our journal is austerely independent. It has no party line to propagate and no chestnut to snatch from the fire for sideline pygmies. People are responding favorably.

IS KENNEDY A FREE MAN?

In his acceptance speech at the Democratic National Convention Senator Kennedy stated that he was a free man. He made it clear that he would not yield should any ecclesiastical pressures be applied to him as president to favor any particular minority group. On another occasion he stated that if any pope tried to tell him what to do that he would inform the pope that he was out of his place. All this sounds good to freedom-loving Americans. Presumably nearly everyone would acknowledge Kennedy's sincerity in this regard. He probably does not entertain the slightest notion of being other than a free

man as president of the United States. But there is a very significant incident in Kennedy's life that should cause us to think a second time before we vote to put a Roman Catholic in the White House. The following quotation is lifted from a sermon delivered by Robert P. Gates at the First Presbyterian Church in Peoria, Illinois, which was given *before* Kennedy was nominated.

> "Now, finally let us see the validity of what I have just said concerning a man's freedom to make his own decisions.
>
> Many of you will recall the stirring story about the four chaplains who, during World War II, gave their life jackets to men on board the ship Dorchester. The four chaplains, stood arm in arm upon the bridge of that ship as it sank beneath the waters—'One faith, One God, One Father of us all, who is above all, through all and in all.'
>
> One of those young chaplains was a boy by the name of Clark Poling, his father was the famous Baptist minister, Dr. Dan Poling. It was decided that a commemoration of this event, and as a symbol of our unity under God, that a Chapel of Four Chaplains be erected in the heart of Temple University. The focal point of this Chapel is three altars, one Roman Catholic, one Jewish, and one Protestant, placed on a revolving platform, so that by turning the platform the Chapel can become a Roman Catholic, a Protestant, or a Jewish place of worship. To erect this Chapel, money was raised from friends of all faiths.
>
> A financial campaign was started. In the fall of 1950, at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia a banquet was held that marked the conclusion of the active financial campaign. The toastmaster was Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts. United States Senator Herbert J. Lehman came as a special representative of President Truman to speak for his Jewish faith. The Honorable Charles P. Taft, mayor of Cincinnati, and president of the Federal Council of Churches, spoke for the Protestants.
>
> The third key speaker was to have been Congressman John Kennedy of Massachusetts. He graciously accepted the invitation to take part in the program and speak for his Roman Catholic faith. Three lay speakers, all politicians, all good Americans.
>
> But two days before the banquet, Mr. Kennedy telephoned Dr. Poling from Washington and said that he would have to cancel his appearance. His Eminence, Dennis Cardinal Daugherty of Philadelphia had requested him not to speak at the banquet and not to appear. Dr. Poling indicates that the Congressman's distress was obvious as he relayed this information to him. Dr. Poling reminded Mr. Kennedy that the banquet was a civic occasion, and that all faiths were participating, and that they were not meeting in a Protestant Church, but in the neutral ground of a hotel. All speakers were laymen and politicians. John Kennedy replied that he understood all of this, and that he had done

> everything that he could to change the Cardinal's position. His speech was prepared, he said, and he would gladly forward it to Dr. Poling. But as a loyal son of the Church, he had no alternative but not to come!
>
> Unquestionably, Mr. Kennedy was grieved as he reported Cardinal Daugherty's decision, and unquestionably he was profoundly embarrassed.
>
> Here we see the terrible tragedy of a valiant American—Jack Kennedy was decorated by his country for bravery under fire—having to bow to the authority of the Bishop of Philadelphia, against his own good conscience and against his own wishes."

We join Mr. Gates in questioning whether such a man is indeed free to act according to his own judgment. Notice that this was a *civic* occasion that was attempting to honor *all* faiths. No Roman Catholic was being asked to go to a Protestant church, but to a hotel meeting of leading laymen and politicians. Notice too that Kennedy wanted to take part; his speech was prepared; he had accepted the invitation sometime previously. But Kennedy could not take part because an ecclesiastic told him not to. As a loyal son of the church he obeyed the bishop.

Suppose congress passes some kind of birth control bill for the backward nations? Suppose it is necessary for the president to attend a meeting with Russians in Moscow? How about the president signing a bill to aid public schools that excludes parochial schools? How about a thousand other things that deeply concern the Roman hierarchy? After all, they claim that the pope has authority of "faith and morals," which is made to apply to nearly everything, including politics.

The chances are that Kennedy could get through a term or two in the White House without any crucial conflicts arising between his faith and American democracy. But he has already demonstrated to us what he will do should the pope speak. He did not tell Cardinal Daugherty that he was out of his place in dictating to him about making a speech in a Philadelphia hotel. Nor will he so speak to the pope. Kennedy is a loyal son of Romanism.

That is why he did not go to Philadelphia. Such a one has no business going to the White House.

Some of the Roman Catholic writers, as well as a few Protestants, are telling us that we are bigots if we make religion an issue in the campaign. What is a bigot? Webster defines the term as "one obstinately or intolerantly devoted to his own church, party, belief, or opinion." Who was the bigot in the story of the Chapel of Four Chaplains? I cannot vote for a Roman Catholic for high office until he demonstrates in no uncertain conduct that he will not be dictated to by bigots. Mr. Kennedy made it quite clear that he *will* permit ecclesiastical bigots to tell him what to do!

COME IN FROM THE PERIPHERY

By a look at some of our periodicals one would suppose that the most crucial questions facing our generation concern congregational cooperation, instrumental music, the place of orphan homes, whether to teach the Bible in classes, the use of cups in the Lord's Supper, premillennialism, Herald of Truth, professional pastors, missionary societies—and where shall I stop? Certain papers champion certain causes. A few are vitriolic and bombastic. Others are naive and mediocre. Too many are instances of inconsequential journalism. As a people we know too little and our concerns are shallow. We are out on the periphery rather than involved in the things that matter most.

Several of the branches of discipledom have little or no interest in ecumenicity. To them the World Council of Churches, and the National Council as well, is either a communist cell or a confraternity of infidels. The instances of unity achieved by various bodies in recent years would make little impression on them. These Disciple fissions are not in fact a part of the Restoration Movement. They are rather parties within Christendom whose chief concern is their own perpetuation. They are not a unity movement, and in fact they have no interest in unity-*conformity*, yes, but not unity. The answer to all the grave religious issues is for others to conform to their particular standard of loyalty. They have the blueprint for the New Testament church. All the answers are worked out and all the problems solved.

"The kingdom of God does not mean food and drink but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." (Rom. 14:17) If the king. dom is not food and drink, then it may not be organs, cups, and radio programs. We must beware lest in tithing mint, dill, and cummin we neglect the weightier matters of the law: justice, mercy, and faith. Our concerns are not central; they are peripheral.

There is a question as to whether we are even biblicists, even though we make the Bible our only creed. These words from Alexander Camp. bell might challenge our thinking on this point:

> I solemnly say that although I was considered at the age of twenty-four a much more systematic preacher and text expositor than I am now considered, and more accustomed to strew my sermons with scores of texts in proof of every point, I am conscious that I did not understand the New Testament—not a single book of it. Matthew Henry and Thomas Scott were my favorite commentators. I read the whole of Thorn. as Scott's commentary in my family worship, section by section.
>
> I began to read the scriptures critically. Works of criticism from Michaelis down to Sharp, on the Greek article, were resorted to. While these threw light on many passages, still the book as a whole, the religion of Jesus Christ as a whole, was hid from me.

> I took the naked text and followed common sense; I read it, subject to the ordinary rules of interpretation, and thus it was it became to me a new book. Then I was called a *natural* man, because I took the *natural* rules of interpretation. Till then I was a *spiritual* man, and a *regenerated* interpreter. But, alas! as I learned my Bible I lost my orthodoxy. . . *(Mill. Harb.* I, p. 138)

I am persuaded that many of my brethren would lose their "soundness" as Campbell lost his orthodoxy if they too learned the Bible. It is rather easy to quote a lot of passages, sprinkling verses amidst a mouthful of cliches. One can deliver "wonderful sermons" and still be superficial in his knowledge of the Word. He can be shallow and yet be honored as one of the strongest men in the brotherhood if the brotherhood itself is shallow. Notice that even after Campbell waded through Scott and Henry, and even though he quoted the Bible left and right in his many sermons, he still did not understand the Word—not a single book of it!

Take the book that we probably know best of all, *Acts of Apostles.* I am persuaded that if many of our so-called Bible scholars could be exposed to a *real* study of Acts that they would be amazed as to what it is all about. They might even reject it as unorthodox. So God forbid that we speak of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Romans or Revelation! It is one thing to study the Bible by following the familiar trails of party emphasis; it is something else to study it analytically and objectively.

One indication of our superficiality is the interpretation we give certain passages in order to prove our point or else to prove somebody wrong. I suppose I have heard one hundred of our preachers quote Amos 3:3 - "How can two walk together except they be agreed?"as a proof text for unity; that is, we cannot unite unless we agree, which incidentally is wrong. But Amos 3:3 has no more reference to unity that it has to cornbread and buttermilk. Then in Amos 6:5 we have our proof text against instrumental music! If this verse makes instrumental music wrong, the preceding verse makes it wrong to eat lamb. These passages illustrate the fallacy of divorcing verses from their context. But these interpretations are perpetuated through sermon outlines and the "hop, skip and jump" type of biblical study.

Heb. 10:25 is made into an admonition for those who sometimes fail to come to church on Sunday; 2 John 9 is used to prove that one is not a true believer if he is wrong on some doctrinal matter, i.e., the "doctrine of Christ" is made to mean everything the Bible teaches, including all the orthodox interpretations! Eph. 3:10 is used by some to prove that it is the church (not human institutions) that is to make known God's wisdom, which is a gross misinterpretation of the passage. Eph. 4:13 is made to refer to the coming of the *complete* New Testament. Rom. 16:17 becomes a proof text for "withdrawing fellowship" from dissidents. And on and on it goes. Many passages are given slanted meanings so as to

befuddle the sectarians. I have heard men say when certain of their arguments were questioned, “Well, I haven’t found a sectarian yet that could answer it!”

We are too greatly troubled about matters that are of lesser importance. To question the use of instrumental music is in order, but part of the Disciples have made this more than a question; it is well nigh a part of the gospel and a test of Christian fellowship. We have talked about it, written about it, and debated it for two generations now. And how much good has all this done? Is it really as clear as many of us think? I think we owe it to the cause of unity to declare a moratorium on this subject for a few years and spend our energies on more vital subjects. So it is with congregational cooperation. The “Herald of Truth” fuss has about reached the place where everyone who will debate has debated it and both sides are saying the same thing over and over again with neither side paying much respect to what the other says. I suggest that we suspend this wrangle for awhile, especially since it is only causing more and more hate and drawing tighter and tighter standards of what it means to be *loyal.*

Ours is a troubled world. If ever it needed informed and responsible Christians it needs them now. We have neglected so many vital subjects: *What is the Christian philosophy of history? What is the Christian’s relationship to the social order? What is Christian education? How can we create more love in our world of hate? What is the kingdom of God?* We know far too little about the great religious themes: sin, regeneration, prophecy, revelation, natural religion, problem of evil, Christian ethics, priesthood, and many others. A glance at Lard’s *Quarterly* or Campbell’s Extras in the *Millennial Harbinger* will illustrate what I mean. Take Camp. bell’s dissertation on the kingdom of God, for instance. Most of what our people say about the kingdom is a few belabored statements designed to prove that the kingdom and the church are the same thing and we have proof texts for that too!

Come in from the periphery! It may be a long and arduous journey, one calling for self-scrutiny as well as self-discipline, humility as well as painstaking study, but how glorious it will be. You will discover that God’s family is much greater than you thought, and you will be amazed to find out how difficult the *real* problems are in contrast to the superficiality of those that previously concerned you.

PAROCHIAL, INDEED!

Previously I set forth some ideas about the parochial education of many “Church of Christ” and “Christian Church” institutions. This incident will further illustrate what I mean: An applicant for a faculty position was being interviewed by the president of one of our Christian colleges. The president insisted that if the applicant joined his staff there were three things that must be understood at the outset. Here they are as enumerated to me by the applicant himself: (1) that the administration has authority over all aspects of the

college program; (2) that you be not merely one who does not believe premillennialism, but that you be adamantly opposed to it; and (3) that you adjust yourself to segregation and not be a "red hair" about Christian colleges enrolling negroes.

Surely no one could object to the first stipulation. It is so necessary and so obvious that an administration be in authority that one would wonder why such a point would even come up. Knowing as I do that this particular college has had trouble "keeping men in line" with "Church of Christ" theology, I can see why the president would feel a man out on this point. Administrative "authority" is not therefore a protective measure for a professor's academic freedom, but a device to whip him in line with brotherhood austerities. I have in my files a letter from a former professor of this particular college, and he explains that it was the demand for conformity that led him finally to make the break and go to a state college.

The next two postulates are explicit. The would-be Christian educator must conform to a particular interpretation of the kingdom, and issue the usual cliches against premillennialism. This is being loyal, you know, and the good ole Christian college is the keeper of orthodoxy! To anyone with a sense of liberal education this kind of thing stinks. Suppose amidst his studies that the instructor began to entertain some doubts about the traditional arguments against premillennialism? Either he would have to be quiet about it and continue to mouth the same old threadbare arguments, or he would have to suffer the usual abuses and finally be given the heave-ho. The worst thing that can happen to the instructors in our Christian colleges is for them to get an education! Once that calamity befalls them they must either give up both their freedom and their honesty or else look for a job somewhere else. A few of them solve their problem by being like the ostrich.

The third stipulation reminds us that the racial problem is indeed a real one all over this country, and especially in the southland. No doubt some reformers have been rash or "red hairs," as the president put it. It will take time and patience to achieve integration. It is pathetic that the leaders of Christian education have not the courage to take the initiative to integrate their own private colleges. At a recent lectureship at one of these colleges a professor issued a stinging rebuke for this failure, contending that the colleges were not truly Christian for drawing a color line. It does seem strange that they would stage missionary rallies for the education of the colored of Nigeria, while in their own colleges refuse to enroll a man because of the color of his skin. Does it take a ruling from the Supreme Court to get us to do what Jesus has already told us to do?

This is parochialism. It is narrow, sectarian, stereotyped education rather than a liberal education. It is not only restricted to whites, but those whites must be taught those things that conform to party standards, and they must be taught by men who kow-tow. I might

add that this particular applicant who told me his story did not kow-tow. That means of course that he is not *loyal!*

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FRUIT IN HIS SEASON

LAURIE L. HIBBERT

To begin the story of Brother Rockwell is to recall the summer of 1927 when he came to live among us. He and his family moved from Ohio to our neighborhood in Middle Tennessee where they settled on a small farm directly behind my grandfather's. The wagon road that led to our barns and back pastures was their only outlet to the highway and although Grandpa gave him permission to use this road, Brother Rockwell was a trespasser of sorts from the start.

We soon learned that in addition to farming, he was some kind of preacher. "But he's in error, of course," Grandpa told us.

Of course we already knew this for he was not of our faith. Error was the viewpoint of anyone who disagreed with us about religion. The Bible was our handbook and our policy admitted no right to interpret. True, we had preachers to assist us in dividing it aright but our instruction from them was simply emphasis and reemphasis on what we and they already believed. We lived in a religious minded community composed mostly of members of own church, the rest churchgoers in their own faiths. The mission of our brotherhood was to correct the error of these other denominations or "sects" as we called them. We existed to defy and demolish them. We were, in fact, the sect to end sects. As I look back on it now, it seems that we actually worshiped our own image instead of God, and were sick and starving spiritually like the beautifully Greek who fell in love with his own reflection and wasted away with the futility of self love.

With two men like Brother Rockwell and Grandpa, positions were soon stated and battle lines sharply drawn. Grandpa said he would wait for an opportune time to present the truth to Brother Rockwell. But the opportunity came about in an unexpected way. It happened as a result of my friendship with one of the Rockwell children. I had constructed a miniature garden around what I called a pool though it was actually only a kitchen bowl sunk in the ground. This was edged with moss and interspersed with rocks. The whole had a small rock wall. There were endless possibilities for re-arranging and improving this landscape and that was how I spent my days all that summer. When Mary Rockwell, a girl my own age, came to play that first time, I could see her quick appreciation for this artistry and in a burst of gratitude I gave her a china horse, one of my favorite toys. It was about such an improbable thing that Brother Rockwell and Grandpa had their first religious

discussion. While we were at supper that night, Brother Rockwell knocked at our door. He had come to return the horse. No protest on my part, no reassurance from Grandmother could dissuade him. Kindly but firmly he insisted that mine it must remain.

"I don't understand you, Brother Rockwell," Grandpa said, "Surely you don't think your child stole it?"

"Oh, no, she didn't violate the Eighth Commandment," he said, "But I can't allow her to break the Second either. Even in innocence." He had reached the door now and was about to be off.

"The Second Commandment!" Grandpa exclaimed. He paused a moment, then said slowly as if thinking aloud: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth[1] …"

I was seized with sudden fear. Was my horse then a graven image? Had I violated a command of God unwittingly? Uzza steadying the ark of the covenant with good intention was struck dead on the spot. "Remember Uzza" was a watchword of our church, for no story so well illustrated the retaliative nature of God as we were taught to see Him. Had I then, like Uzza, made the one false moved that placed me beyond redemption?

When Brother Rockwell had gone we all started talking at once.

"You should never have started out calling him 'Brother,' Grandmother said to Grandpa, "Especially since you're an elder."

Why won't Brother Rockwell read the Bible and do what it says?" I asked. I could not understand what happiness he found in wilful disobedience to God's word. With nothing to gain financially and heaven to lose eventually, why *would* he persist in error? It made no sense.

"He does read the Bible but he doesn't interpret it right," Grandmother said.

"I thought we weren't supposed to interpret it. I thought we were just supposed to do what it says."

"We have to divide it aright," Grandmother said, "But don't you worry about it. Mr. Gurney will talk with him and maybe he can be converted to the truth."

When I said my prayers that night I prayed that Brother Rockwell might be led to see the truth. I hated to think of eternal punishment for such a kind faced, soft-spoken old man whose worst fault was a strangely literal interpretation of the Bible. It was rare to find someone more literal-minded than those of our own group but we know of course that while some Bible language was literal some too was figurative. The delicate task of making the distinction was reserved for our preachers. But Brother Rockwell, being from Ohio, did not know this.

The next morning Grandpa and I called on the Rockwells. Grandpa came right to the point. “Brother Rockwell, we aren’t through on the subject of this toy. Now you and I differ religiously and I’m not saying you don’t have a right to your opinion as far as this country is concerned. But as far as the Lord is concerned, you don’t. “There is a way which seemeth right unto a man but the end thereof are the ways of death.’ Proverbs, Chapter 14, verse 12. Now wouldn’t you thank me if I pointed out the right way to you?”

Then he said as was our custom when beginning a discussion with sectarians. “Let’s just take the Bible as our guide and if you find any way I’m wrong I’ll be glad to change, and if I find anything you’re wrong in, you’ll change. Isn’t that fair?” This was said like a litany. The response was yes.

“In the first place, Brother Rockwell, you are not rightly dividing the word of truth as we are commanded to do in Second Timothy, 2:15. The second commandment is in the Old Testament. We are under the New Testament now.”

Brother Rockwell said he knew that but did Grandpa mean that it was all right to worship idols now?

Grandpa flushed as he did easily with his ruddy coloring. “Don’t put words in my mouth, Brother Rockwell. You know perfectly well that a china horse is no idol like the golden calf.”

Brother Rockwell stood up. “I guess I didn’t make myself clear,” he said, reaching to the mantlepiece for his Bible. He turned to a passage and began to read aloud: “Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth; fornication, uncleanness, inordinate affection, evil concupiscence, and *covetousness which is idolatry:* For which things sake the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience.”[2] It struck me as strange that he did not give chapter and verse, as our preachers always did. Perhaps he felt that the proof of the passage was in its message rather than its documentation.

Then he turned to another passage and again read aloud:

“For this ye know that no whoremonger, nor unclean person nor *covetous man who is an idolater,* hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God.”[3]

He closed the book gently and replaced it. “Covetousness is the New Testament definition for idolatry. Mary may have coveted the horse, I fear, because she hasn’t one like it. That’s why I didn’t want her to keep it. Mrs. Rockwell and I are teaching our children to seek spiritual riches instead of material novelties.”

We sat there speechless, Grandpa and I. I looked around at the Rockwell children and noticed that they seemed happy and that the eyes they turned to their father were full of love and admiration.

He turned to me and said kindly, “It’s a nice little plaything for those that prize such things, I guess, but you must begin training yourself away from all this.”

Then, to Grandpa, "Can't you see that the seeking of the best toys, the most marbles and such, leads to covetousness in grown men and women? We teach them from babyhood to want *things*, whereas we are taught by our Master that having food and raiment let us be therewith content."[4]

Brother Rockwell had come to his conclusion by a devious course of reasoning but it was the kind of logic I was accustomed to so I felt he had won the argument. On the way home I asked Grandpa if I had better stop collecting horses, remembering that he had promised to change any item in which we were not letter-perfect.

"No indeed," he said, "That man is simply a fanatic!"

He said at the dinner table that day that Brother Rockwell was by far the hardest man to reason with he had ever met. Brother Rockwell was blind, simply blind, with prejudice.

There seemed no end to Brother Rockwell's absurdities. The big dinner he gave, for example, to which he invited a dozen of the town's poorest citizens. In those days before public relief there were several in our town who lived from hand to mouth—some physically handicapped, some feeble-minded, others just shiftless. They ate where food was passed out to them or they begged. Grandpa never turned one away from his kitchen door empty-handed but certainly he did not ask them to come in at the front door and sit in the parlor talking and then come out to dinner and eat with our family. He would not expose himself to ridicule and his family to disease by such extreme behavior. But these unfortunates were the *invited guests* of Brother Rockwell at the first dinner party he gave in our town.

Grandpa took him to task about inviting Ivy Ringgold. "He never had a bath in his life."

"Bathing isn't such a simple thing for real poor folks," Brother Rockwell said, "Soap's expensive for one thing. For another, Ivy would have to carry his water from Joneses spring, a good two miles from where he stays. I doubt if he owns a bucket."

"Cleanliness is next to Godliness," Grandpa reminded him.

"It is good," Brother Rockwell agreed. "However, we might count it a luxury some can't afford. Now take Lazarus for example …"

Grandpa interrupted him.. He was chuckling now. It was best after all just to take Brother Rockwell as a joke. "If you were purposely inviting the down and out, why didn't you ask me?"

"According to the Lord, we are to invite the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind, and not our rich neighbors."[5]

That's the first time I was ever called rich," Grandpa said, annoyed again.

"Then open your eyes and look about you. You're a land owner, you set a good table. Your roof doesn't leak. Think about the folks in your colored section or those in Cotton Town (this was our factory district). I say you are rich, Brother Gurney," he continued and

this time he looked stern. “Think about what our Master owned when he was on earth. Then start counting up the things you own that he didn’t. How could a man call himself poor when he owns so much more than his Master did when he was on earth?”

Had we been better informed on social doctrines, I suppose we would have felt that Brother Rockwell was a Communist. Instead we thought maybe he envied our comparative prosperity.

There was one thing Grandpa had to admire about Brother Rockwell. He was a tireless worker. Next to soundness in the scriptures Grandpa esteemed industry and thrift. And though it was by this time apparent that Brother Rockwell was hopeless as far as straightening him out on religion, still he was admirable as a man who could put in a full day’s work, then study far into the night by an oil lamp or on Sunday go and preach for his church, that error infested group of misfits. Most of his disciples were people who had not been church-goers before for he did not proselyte. . . the town drunk once always good for a joke but now embarrassingly sober whenever you saw him, a notorious loafer for whom Brother Rockwell had somehow secured a job in the cotton mill, and strangest of all, a disagreeable old recluse who had never darkened a church door and was thought to be an infidel. In short, the rakings and scrapings of the community, people that nobody in the self-respecting churches, not even the deluded established sectarian churches, would be caught dead with. But we had yet to learn the sorry depths to which Brother Rockwell’s church had gone for its membership.

Since his farming brought in barely enough to sustain his family and he always needed money for his charities, Brother Rockwell hired out for a day or two a week to Grandpa. Many were the opportunities thus afforded for winning Brother Rockwell to the truth. Relentlessly Grandpa would encircle him with chapter and verse til he was quite surrounded. He had done this a dozen times or more. But as many times just when it seemed that truth would triumph, Brother Rockwell would pick up some pebble from the Bible and let it fly at this giant of our faith for, though a stranger in our gates, he refused to acknowledge our sole claim to our God and he would not allow *himself* to be cast in the role of the Philistine. He was not scornful of Grandpa’s beliefs but he was not deferential to them either. “Christians need have no fear of disagreeing if anger doesn’t enter into it,” he would say sometimes. But how could Grandpa help but be angry when Brother Rockwell would not receive the truth?

“I don’t understand your quarrel with me,” Brother Rockwell would say, “I *am* a Christian, we *are* brothers so far as I am concerned. What more do you want of me?” Grandpa would be glad to explain at length. Brother Rockwell had been baptized but not for the right reason, he did take the Lord’s Supper but not on the right day. The strange thing was that he had his own set of chapters and verses to prove the things he did in his church but they were not the ones we had memorized so they did not even sound like the Bible to me.

Bate Jefferson, the colored man who worked for Grandpa would laugh and shake his head. “They both too smart for me” he would say, “Jesus gonna save me is all I know.”

Strangely enough out of this deadlock there emerged in time a solid friendship between Grandpa and Brother Rockwell. Though he yielded to no one on sound doctrine and though Brother Rockwell was in a state of Utter confusion on this score, Grandpa could but give honor where honor was due. As a dedicated religious man and a fantastically hard worker, Brother Rockwell commanded respect.

One evening when they came in from the fields and on to our house to wash up, they found Bate Jefferson waiting there for his money. When Brother Rockwell was ready to leave he turned to Grandpa to shake hands which was one of his customs at every meeting or parting. Then he did something I had never seen before between white and colored: he shook hands with Bate Jefferson. “See you tonight at prayer meeting, I trust, Brother Jefferson,” he said as he left.

Grandpa was too surprised to say anything for awhile. “Does Brother Rockwell have a mission church for you all nigras?” he asked finally. A sectarian group had started a mission church for negroes which motivated our own brotherhood to counter-attack with a mission of our own (for where error had pioneered we must follow with correction and a little band of sectarians however weak and far-flung gave us more concern than whole continents of pagans). But our own plan for a negro mission had fallen through, for as one brother so aptly put it “The truth had been preached in this town enough to convert all of Niggertown if they had a mind to accept it.”

“And if they were allowed in our church house,” someone might have added, but no one did.

“No sir,” Bate was saying, “He don’t have no mission. We just go on in the same church. He got a sign on the door ‘All Races Welcome’ and his church is right near my house.”

Brother Rockwell’s church was indeed on the border of the colored district and the poor white section, another example of his poor judgment. This property was worthless and he would never get back out of it what he had put into it, nor would such a location attract the substantial citizens who make up the good solid backbone of a congregation. He had no business sense whatever.

Left alone with Grandpa and me, Bate appeared miserable. He knew our code and that he had broken it. He knew that as a leper by our proclamation he was to cry out when approached too closely. But Brother Rockwell had come near to him and Bate had failed to call “Unclean.”

He paused as if wondering whether to make his next remark, took a deep breath and said it anyway, “He preaches real good, Mr. Gurney.” It was an apology of sorts. But it was also a declaration of independence and we knew it.

Grandpa's hands were trembling as he drew on his coat to go in to supper. He was staggering under a blow struck at the heart of our racial code, a code as sacred to us, as binding on us as children of God as were the purity laws given through Moses to His other chosen people long ago.

("Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come unto one of another nation; but God had showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean."[6]) Grandpa could have been reliving the experience of Peter when he had gone in to Gentiles for the first *time* and had eaten with them. But he was not thinking of Peter. He thought only of Noah's Old Testament curse on the son of Ham whom we had decreed to be the father of the Negro race. He did not think of the New Testament blessing without which he himself would still have been an outcast.

Was part of his agitation the first stirring of a new tie of brotherhood forced into his resisting heart as a side effect of the new birth he was about to undergo, a birth which would change his relationship to everyone, even to himself?

I knew there would be no jokes at our table that night for we were shaken with the enormity of Brother Rockwell's crime and most of all with the disloyalty of our own Bate Jefferson who, after our fashion, we loved and who in our approved way we wished to be loved by. We were honestly and deeply devoted to him in a master-servant relationship but that was how it had to stay; we could not endure him man to man.

Grandpa was a Christian, or as we said in our brotherhood, "a member of the church," with every fibre of his soul, at least with, every warp fibre of his soul; as for the woof, that thread running the other way, interlocking to make the whole cloth, this thread of Grandpa's soul was *Southern,* "For the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."[7] This seemed to describe what went on in Grandpa's breast after he learned that the negroes were allowed, even urged, to attend Brother Rockwell's church. The pull between the warp and woof of the good honest cloth that was my grandfather came close to the splitting of threads. No wonder the material was never again so sure of its strength, so proud. But it was becoming far more serviceable.

Renouncing our Southern way of life was, for Grandpa, like parting with his right arm. It could only be done by transcending his sectional loyalty for a higher allegiance. Our church leaders had never intimated that such a cleavage was necessary, in fact they had scriptures to prove that our system even during slavery, was approved by God. Brother Rockwell, however, had not learned the same chapters and verses about the question. He was applying New Testament scriptures to a situation that had according to our belief been settled in Genesis. So while we were teaching our negroes to continue to bow down, Brother Rockwell was now in the process of lifting our own Bate Jefferson to his feet,

refusing his obeisance, say*ing* as Peter had said to the Gentiles: "Stand up; I myself also am a man."[8]

By the time Grandpa worked again in the field with Brother Rockwell a fiery cross had burned in his churchyard and the whole town was afire with the sensation.

I had gone to the field to carry their bucket of drinking water to them and found them deep in discussion.

"I suppose it means nothing to you, Brother Rockwell," Grandpa said taking the dipper and drinking deeply, "That this town has been thrown into an uproar and lives endangered by your violation of God's own natural law. All the scripture you can quote won't shake me on that, so don't quote any more. I've heard enough! I won't listen!" I had never seen him so angry.

Brother Rockwell did not seem to notice anything wrong. "Why, Brother Gurney, is that the opinion of a man who finds in the Bible a solution for every problem? The Bible is plain about all races being one in Christ Jesus. Seems like if the folks in your church go by the Bible as close as you say, you'd have found that out by now. At least some of you."

Grandpa could no longer contain his wrath. "Don't you dare speak a word against the Church," he shouted, "You scripture-quoting devil!"

With that he flung down the dipper and stalked off. I picked up the dipper and put it back into the bucket. Pieces of dirt that had stuck to it floated up to the water's surface.

"I'll get you some more water," I said to Brother Rockwell, glad of an excuse to leave.

"No, I'm not thirsty," he said, "At least not for that kind of water." He seemed very tired.

I felt required to make conversation. "Grandmother wants me to stay in the house more and learn to sew and cook," I said, "But that's not what I like to do. I would rather have been a boy."

Brother Rockwell seemed to have forgotten about the flaming cross and Grandpa's fiery words, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus,[9] he said. "Be a follower of the Lord and do what will serve Him best, that's all.

"Is that in the Bible?" I asked, for I had never heard it and I knew it did not apply to salvation or our preachers would have preached it.

"The quotation is, yes," he said.

"You know a lot about the Bible, Brother Rockwell," I said politely, "In fact, more than anyone I ever knew who was in error." With this remark I left him, happy in the belief that I had toned down Grandpa's hard words with a compliment.

Grandmother had already heard about it when I got home. "Mr. Gurney says Brother Rockwell quoted lots of scripture trying to prove the nigras are as good as we are," she said. "I knew from the first he was a trouble-maker."

"Brother Rockwell said a nigra can be born again into the same family with us," I said, "What did he mean by that?" Without pause, I continued, "He says that God is no respecter of persons,[10] that God has chosen the base things of the world and things which are despised to bring to nought …" and something about "no flesh should glory in His presence."[11] He says was the apostolic church segregated by races, and …" I was trying to recall everything he said before I forgot it.

"We don't need a man from Ohio to come down here and tell us about nigras," Grandmother said. She started for the kitchen and I followed her.

When we passed the parlor door I would have gone in but she stopped me.

"Don't go in there now," she said.

I knew then that Grandpa was there alone. He was reading the Bible or praying as he always did when troubled.

It was a long time before he joined us in the kitchen. He looked worried and serious, as if he had discovered something he did not wish to know.

"There are some strange things in the Book," he said, "Hard to understand exactly. The second chapter of James is one of the things Brother Rockwell wanted me to read. I can see in a way how a man from up North would come to his conclusion. But even if the way he takes that chapter is true, it would still be wrong to have white and colored mix the way he is doing at his church. It's against the laws of the land and we are to obey the law of the land according to the Bible.[12] Brother Rockwell is wrong, I feel sure, but I won't have anything to do with breaking it up or taking sides. I can at least see where he gets his reason. I will have to say too that he knows more about the Bible than the crowd that burned the cross in his churchyard."

I asked Grandpa to come with me to see some things I had added to my garden but he said he was going out to find Brother Rockwell and apologize for the strong words and he wanted to apologize to me too for using them in front of me. He then set off and this time did not ask me to go with him.

That night as we ate supper Grandpa said solemnly, "I'll tell you all one thing. Brother Rockwell is deep." I could tell by his good spirits that the two were on good terms again. It was impossible to imagine Brother Rockwell being on anything but good terms with anyone.

As to the outcome of the fiery cross I don't know what it would have been if Brother Rockwell's unsegregated church had continued. Brother Rockwell was frail looking and thin, yet he seemed strong from the way he worked in the fields of his farm and ours and in his true field which was his church; but one day without having been sick at all he had a heart attack instantly fatal and so unexpected that it seemed like Enoch of old that "he was not for God took him." The farm had to go back to the bank for he had taken no thought

for the morrow and died penniless. In time Grandpa put Mrs. Rockwell and the children on the train for Ohio where their people still lived. There was no more talk about the fiery cross for without the support of the Rockwells the little congregation soon drifted apart. That was the end of it people thought.

Christianity is a fragile transplant foreign to this soil and apparently easily uprooted. But it is persistent and, in fact, cannot die as Christ Himself showed. So when its seed is dropped, however dead it may appear through the long winter, it will bear fruit in season. So goodness is not interred with our bones; it is only evil that is mortal and bound to die.

There was nothing nicer than to sit in our parlor on a Sunday afternoon and listen to the other elders or the preacher talk about the spread of the church and exchange anecdotes about how they had gotten the best of sectarians in conversation or debate. This was the stuff we fed our souls on and I suppose our souls waxed gross on it, so much did we consume. All of us were sitting there one Sunday with one of the elders and his wife who had come to call, and eventually the conversation turned to the subject of Brother Rockwell.

I'm glad that little church he started broke up," Sister McKenna said, "For there are already too many denominations in the world. Don't you think a man is in danger of punishment for starting a church of his own, Brother Gurney?" she asked.

Grandpa hesitated a moment and I could tell he was trying to speak calmly and casually. "Don't misjudge Brother Rockwell," he said, "He didn't start a church of his own. They have a church like that where he came from and it's what he was used to. He was trying to go by the Bible just like we do. Everything he did he went by the Bible for it. I know that to be a fact." I could see the blush rising in his sun-roughened skin.

"If he went by the Bible so close, why didn't he come to church with you?" Brother McKenna asked.

"I tried hard to get him to. But he had some ideas different from ours about the will of the Lord. Like foot-washing. He took John 13:14 to mean Jesus wanted us to continue in foot-washing. And he wouldn't give it up, no more than we'd give up the Lord's Supper. He couldn't compromise on the truth, could he?"

"Why Brother Gurney, I do believe he's made a convert of you!" Here Sister McKenna smiled and winked at Grandmother. As well might she have suggested that Gibralter crumble into the ocean like a loaf of sugar.

Brother McKenna took the floor then and explained that Grandpa had a natural affection for his old neighbor but that we must never let our love for anyone blind us to their error. Then as if to express the sentiment of all he pronounced, "Mister Rockwell was a fine man in many ways, no doubt. He was just ignorant and prejudiced."

Here Grandpa made a confession of a new-found faith: "Brother Rockwell was not ignorant or prejudiced," he said.

It was a simple statement of a fact as he saw it and on that quiet Sunday afternoon he had no notion of the course of events that were to follow and to shake our little world. Once a hill is climbed a vista opens and a view is glimpsed so that even if one backs away he knows it is still there. Grandpa had climbed a hill and he would not deny what his eyes had seen.

"Brother Rockwell was not ignorant," he said for that was what he saw.

"He did know a lot about the Bible," Grandmother put in nervously, "He quoted lots of scriptures but you know how the sectarians are."

"I never knew one yet would listen to reason," Brother McKenna agreed.

"Brother Rockwell would listen to reason," Grandpa said, "He would listen to everything you said. And he would think about what you said and answer you. Sometimes it seemed like he was right."

"Am I to understand you to say that Mr. Rockwell was not in error, Brother Gurney?" Sister McKenna asked, leaning forward in her chair toward Grandpa.

"I don't know whether he was in error or not any more than I know whether *you are,*" he said. Then with another effort to calm himself he lowered his voice, "I know he knew as much about the Bible as any man I ever met."

This was the beginning of Grandpa's downfall. His defection in the eyes of our church was that he had acquired a Christian virtue hitherto lacking in his make-up and so conspicuously absent in the group as a whole that its addition in one member marked him as an oddity, no longer useful in the scheme of things. He had become merciful to those who disagreed with him, merciful to the point that he no longer felt them to be, after all, entirely wrong or ignorant. The word "fool" had never passed his lips; hell fire was the punishment for this as we all knew.[13] Now the lesson had gone deeper than his lips and he could no longer call another earnest man a fool even in his heart. This was his weakness. He had learned to love truly, without condescension.

When the McKennas had gone each of us went to his separate tasks, Grandpa to milk, I to feed the chickens, Grandmother to put the cold remains of Sunday's dinner on the table for supper before we went back to church for the evening service. "When each can feel his brother's sigh and with him bear a part," we sang that night though the wheels had already been set in motion which were to cause one brother many a sigh and not one among us bore any part with him. (Except for an old woman and a child who as females, for all their part counted, as far as their status was concerned, might as well have been two Hindus.) Who can say whether our group sang with spirit and with understanding as we repeated the words. This much we knew: we sang as the scriptures commanded for we sang without accompaniment.

One afternoon in the following week two of the elders called on Grandpa. I was working on my garden when they drove up, rearranging some rocks and adding wild flowers which I hoped to root. After they left I went back into the house and found Grandmother and Grandpa both sitting in the parlor just like it was Sunday. The elders had asked him to resign.

It would be announced the following Sunday unless Grandpa felt he could go to the elders and straighten out his position to their satisfaction so that they might be assured that he was safe to be trusted with the feeding of the flock again.

“I can’t understand it,” Grandmother moaned, “Why couldn’t you reason with them? You know more scriptures than any of them. You could have talked them out of it if you had tried.”

“No,” Grandpa said, “It was either admit Brother Rockwell was all wrong or else give up my post. I quoted more scripture than either of them. They just couldn’t see how Brother Rockwell could differ from us and still follow the Bible. They kept on saying two people couldn’t disagree and both be right. That’s true-in a way. I just said I didn’t know for certain whether Brother Rockwell was right or wrong. I don’t actually *know.”*

“You could have said it so it wouldn’t rub them the wrong way, Mr. Gurney,” Grandmother said. “You could have just told them he was in error. You know in your heart you think so!”

“I think so but I don’t *know.”* Grandpa said. “I think he was in error, yes. But then *he* thought *I* was too! How could I face the judgment saying he positively was wrong when he had some good points to his arguments? And was as good a moral man as I ever saw?” “Morality won’t save a man,” Grandmother observed, “ Look at Cornelius.” It was one of the favorite church sayings. We put little stock in morality as it applied to salvation. “Mere morality” our preachers sometimes called it. Morality was very nice of course. However, it was optional.

“I know that too,” Grandpa said. “I only say Brother Rockwell was not an ignorant man nor prejudiced that I could see. And he did certainly know the Bible and tried to follow it. I don’t know that he was entirely in error. God alone could know.” I felt that Grandpa had scored here but Grandmother did not seem to think much of this argument.

“Oh, Mr. Gurney,” she said, “to think I would live to hear you talk so weak,” she drew in a long breath, “and not stand up for the truth.”

It was all right to say Brother Rockwell was good; we knew he was and the elders were wrong to insist that he was ignorant for we knew too that he was not, but it did look like Grandpa could just go along with them some and not say anything, just keep his own opinion of Brother Rockwell but not get the elders all stirred up the way he had. “Oh, to think we all have to suffer because you ate so head-strong,” she sighed.

Grandpa said no more but left the room. Grandmother went back to her endless tasks and I went back to my rock garden.

After the regular Sunday service but before the dismissal, Brother McKenna stood before the congregation. He was silent for what seemed a long time, looking straight ahead. Then a hush fell on the room. Those who were still shuffling their song-books and rousing their children to go home caught on even without seeing his face that something of significance was afoot and instantly the hubbub of mass boredom aching to be unleashed was shut off. Then Brother McKenna spoke, his words falling into this pool of expectancy like rocks splashed into a still pond.

He said there was one who had long been a faithful servant of the Lord and who for his good works and other qualifications had been entrusted with a position of authority as an elder. It was of this person that it was now his painful duty to speak. This man, he said, had fallen under an influence which made his faith waver and cause him to doubt the teachings of the church. It was not a question of immorality or of any act that was ungodly in a strictly moral sense but to preserve New Testament Christianity in all its purity it took men of stalwart conviction, men who would stand against error and doubt, men who had firm and unswerving allegiance to the gospel and who would "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints," as commanded in Jude 3. He paused for emphasis and now you could hear a pin drop. Then he called Grandpa's name.

An elder, above all, Brother McKenna continued, must not, as it is written in Ephesians 4:14 be "tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine." But this elder had almost embraced sectarianism in his strong defense of an erroneous opinion. In spite of the Bible's warning against wavering. In spite of First Corinthians 16:13 which admonishes us to stand fast in the faith.

This action, Brother McKenna said, had not been made in haste nor anger. Grandpa had been given time to think it through and retract but he had only made more and more positive statements, following after a false teacher who had moved into his neighborhood, a man who was in fact one of the very ones of whom the Bible warned when it said, "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves." Matthew, seventh chapter. Verse fifteen.

And all the time Grandpa sat there in his Sunday best on the third row from the front, his head high, his cheeks blazing, but his blue eyes never flinching as he looked into Brother McKenna's face.

The news spread rapidly. "How are the mighty fallen,"[14] the sectarians might now be saying with amusement for Grandpa was known as a pillar of our faith. "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon,"[15] Grandpa would say with a deep sigh but it was published just the same.. Most of the sectarians were surprisingly kind, however, and

many expressed regret. “I always thought you were too good for that bunch,” one neighbor said. But Grandpa was not pleased with this attempt at comfort. It was not for the heathen to disparage God’s anointed.

Our relatives came from far and near to counsel Grandpa, for though he could never be trusted with a post of authority again, he could at least go up at the invitation song and confess error, thus making it right with God, and the congregation would forgive him.

Aunt Alta, his sister-in-law, came from Nashville on the bus to stay a week with us.

“Bedford,” she said in her high-pitched positive little voice, “I mean to get to the bottom of this. Did that man convert you to his church?”

“Would I still be going to the one I’ve always gone to if he had, Alta?” Grandpa asked patiently.

“Then why did you get all this started about him knowing the scriptures?”

“He did know them, Alta. As well as you do. Or me. Or anyone I ever talked to.”

“Then why didn’t he follow it?”

“He did. The best he knew how. And he applied it to living like I never knew a man do before. That was the main thing.

Then they were off with a point by point summary of Brother Rockwell’s practices in his church. All of which Aunt Alta could refute with chapter and verse, and for all of which Grandpa could give chapter and verse on Brother Rockwell’s side. It reminded me of Aaron throwing down his rod to become a serpent, proving the Lord was on his side, and then the magicians of Pharoah’s court threw down their rods too with the same result. (Only of course Aaron’s serpents ate up Pharoah’s.) But there was no such miraculous evidence to settle this argument. Bible proofs were hurled down with equal vigor by first Aunt Alta and then Grandpa but no quotation was so strong that it swallowed up the other.

“Bedford,” Aunt Alta said at last when she had given up hope of appealing to him further through the scriptures. “Do you think it fitting to talk this way before this child? What is she going to believe when she grows up after she had listened to all this wishy-washy talk you’ve been doing? How can she believe anything when you’re not strong for anything! When she grows up she will have no convictions whatsoever and it will be your fault for sending her soul into outer darkness.”

“Where there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth,”[16] I said proudly, to show Aunt Alta I was really well trained in spite of her fears.

Aunt Alta told her Ladies Bible Class back in Nashville that there was a growing tendency toward modernism in the church and her own brother-in-law who had been a member since childhood, had fallen under this influence. He had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. She did not say what the mess of pottage was.

It was not our first experience with trouble. There was a mortgage on the farm and sometimes crops would fail just when notes would be due. And worse, Grandpa had lost his youngest son, my uncle, in the war that was called in those days simply 'the World War,' with no thought of a need for numbering. But always before we had had the church to turn to. Always there had been the other elders and the congregation, the warm security of sitting in the small auditorium a part of the familiar and close-knit group, so sure in their knowledge of The Truth, and Grandpa surer than anyone, the one they turned to for the chapter and verse. Finances were nothing and, yes, even Death lost its sting when we were side by side among the brethren, our voices swelling in the songs of Zion or our minds following the words of the prayer-leader to whose "Amen" Grandpa always echoed a loud and staunch "Amen!" But now the place that had been our comfort was our cross; our place of refuge had become our own Gethsemane.

Now Grandpa found himself alone like Peter when he left the boat and his companions to walk on the waves to Jesus. When a man has said honestly "Lord, bid me come to thee," he must prepare for a faith such as he could never know secure with his fellow sailors, the strong boards of the boat between him and the deep. Better never to attempt the perilous Christ-ward journey, I suppose, than to perish in the waves of bitterness, loneliness and despair that assault the one who ventures forth alone; and except Jesus stretch out His hand to the wave-walker, he would indeed perish. The risk is great but the reward for one who dared it was the keys to the kingdom. So Grandpa pressed on toward the outstretched hand.

Now Grandpa read the Bible as he had never read it before. Not only at family prayer service, not only on Sunday mornings while the rest of us got ready and he waited in the parlor for us, not as he used to when sectarians visited us and he brought forth the Bible only to prove they were wrong. Now he read at noon when he came in for dinner and at evening while the rest of us were cleaning up in the kitchen and on warm nights when we would sit on the front porch talking among ourselves or with the neighbors. Where in the old days he had held forth as entertainer with his funny stories, now we could see his outline through the curtains as he sat inside by the lamp reading. Sometimes he would join us and say, "O, the unsearchable riches of Christ,"[17] then he would go out into the yard and look up at the stars and come back looking almost like his old self before the bitter bread of humiliation had become his daily portion. Not with the old grin and the jolly look he had then, but with a kind of radiance such as I fancied Moses had on his face when he came down from the mountain and the Bible says he "wist not that the skin of his face shone while he talked."[18]

It seemed too that Grandpa liked to discuss the Bible more than ever but he did not talk so much about the same things and he listened to other people more. When the sectarians came to see us he would listen to what they had to say instead of doing all the talking himself and when he worked in the field with Bate Jefferson I could hear them talking about Jesus in a low serious voice and Bate would sometimes be talking too instead of only saying 'yes sir' to everything. We still went to church and it finally got so Grandpa could join in the singing again without his voice breaking.

One afternoon when I went to play in my garden, a sad sight met my eyes. Someone had left the chicken-yard gate open and the chickens had scratched it out of existence. The work of months had been demolished in moments by a few hard scratches from senseless hens.

"Don't take it too hard," Grandpa said, and I could tell that he felt bad about it. Then he started quoting from the Bible: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."[19]

The difference in Grandpa struck me suddenly for the first time. Where in the old days he had quoted the Bible only in religious disagreement and to point out the shortcomings of others, he now quoted it about everyday things that happened in our family, as if he thought about God all the time. It was so like Brother Rockwell.

I had been told not to bring up the painful subject of Brother Rockwell but what Grandpa said and the way he looked reminded me so much of our old neighbor that I said before I thought, "That sounded just like Brother Rockwell used to talk, Grandpa!"

He was still looking down at the ruin, "Christians talk a lot alike the world over, I reckon," he said. It was the first time I had heard him refer to himself as a Christian instead of a "member of the Church."

After Grandpa had gone I stood looking at the wreckage but for some reason I didn't feel sad about it. After a while I walked oui of the yard and up the lane past our barns and vegetable garden and past Brother Rockwell's old place. Down this wagon road Mrs. Rockwell had walked one afternoon in sorrow but without show of excitement to tell us that Brother Rockwell, who always seemed so out of place in our community, had been called home.

As I passed their old house now untenanted I noticed that it was falling into decay and I thought of the futility of Brother Rockwell's life, his house almost gone, his place grown up in weeds, his church disbanded. He was remembered lovingly in our family but he had estranged us from our natural habitat and left us lonelier than when he found us. What was the power of this man who had so affected Grandpa? It was not chapter and verse that had impressed him. We had reached the saturation point in this respect and were impervious to further pouring on of scripture. Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness,

faith, meekness, temperance.[20] This was Brother Rockwell. Not that he spoke of these things (I don't recall that he ever did) but that he embodied them. If these traits lived out in the life of one man caused strife in our community, it was because such forces are positive and powerful. When confronted with them in a person, a man could no longer be a neutral in Christian warfare. We would have disdained his actual foot-washing but we could not prevent his washing our feet in unfeigned lowliness and back-breaking service. This was the way God had sought us in reconciliation by giving us the life of His Son, not to pass among us as a pamphleteer but as a living example. If this was the way for those who would answer His "Follow me," then clearly it was straiter, narrower, more fraught with danger, hardships and self-denial than we had been taught to suspect and each little spiritual gain would have to be won on a cross. It would be an insignificant cross compared with Christ's but the cross would grow with our spiritual strength until it would become more like His as we became more like Him.

"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes."[21]

So Grandpa, who had heard of God all his life, like Job had never truly repented until he had *seen* something of the Lord in the life of a humble man. Grandpa had ranked high in group conformity and the Bible quoting that had somehow or other been substituted for wisdom among us. But when he witnessed a life of constant self-denial in a man devoid of egotism, he knew himself at last for what he was. I think he was frightened by what he saw. It was that fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom; not the fear that had been instilled in us by our own interpretation of the story of Uzza (which is the fear of slave to tyrant) but the fear of being unworthy of the love of the one you worship, and the ultimate fear which is hell indeed if realized (as everyone knows who has loved): the fear of being separated forever from that love without which life would be unbearable and eternity unthinkable.

After I passed Brother Rockwell's place, my thoughts turned again to my ruined garden, but with all the beauty of our countryside spread out around me, I knew I would never go back to a game with walled-in rocks. I was out in an open field now beyond any place I had ever explored but I kept on walking without looking back or even thinking about our fence rows and the boundaries.

Mrs. Hibbert. a housewife and mother of a seven-year-old son, is a life-long member of the Church of Christ. Her address is 1101 Clifton Lane, Nashville 4, Tenn.

1 Exodus 20:4

2 Col. 3:5

3 Eph. 5:5

4 1 Tim. 6:8

5 Luke 14:13

6 Acts 10:28

7 Hebrews 4:12

8 Acts 10:26

9 Gal. 3:28

10 Acts 10:34

11 1 Cor. 1:28-29

12 The phrase “obey the law of the land” was widely quoted when the laws were Jim Crow.

13 Mat. 5:22

14 II Sam. 1:19

15 II Sam. 1:20

16 Matthew 8:12

17 Eph. 3.8

18 Ex. 34:29

19 II Cor. 5:1

20 Gal. 5:22

21 Job 42:5.6

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ALEXANDER CAMPBELL AND THE DECLARATION AND ADDRESS

by Louis Cochran

In any discussion of Alexander Campbell we must include his father, Thomas, whose life work formed the basis and supplemented the great accomplishments of his famous son. It is Thomas Campbell's distinction that he made two great fundamental contributions toward the restoration of Christian unity. In the Declaration and Address, he gave to the world a clear statement of the principles upon which unity might be restored; and in his gifted son he furnished the leadership; in other words, the means of implementing those principles. For of all the leaders of the Restoration Movement" only Alexander Campbell possessed the lifelong creative capacity of sustained dynamic devotion; only to him was given the dedicated genius to bring such a movement into being as a valid, growing, healing power in the Church which is the body of our Lord.

Fundamental to any consideration of this success in implementing his father's thesis is the factor of his complete and utter commitment to the task. For Alexander Campbell was a truly dedicated man. In season and out, like the Apostle Paul, he was a "fool of God" for Christ's sake. In complete candor I must say that is seems to me the loss of that sense of dedication on the part of those of us who follow in his train today, that dedication which counts the world well lost for Christ's sake, is the great loss of our age and of our Brotherhood. If we have not succeeded in materially advancing the cause of Christian unity, it may be well for us to stop tinkering with the machinery and examine our own hearts to find the reason why.

I am convinced it was not by happy accident as much as through the mysterious ways of a Divine Providence that when Alexander Campbell first became acquainted with the Declaration and Address, that immortal Declaration of Independence from spiritual bondage, he found himself well prepared for its favorable reception.

Since childhood he had been aware of his father's distress at the divisions in the Church of Christ; and of his futile personal attempts to heal the breach in his own denomination between the Burghers and the Anti-Burghers of the Seceder Branch of the National Church of Scotland. Due to the wise guidance of Father Thomas he had read, while *yet* in his 'teens' the searching inquisitions into the human mind of the great independent English philosopher, John Locke. No doubt, too, he had been unconsciously influenced by the Huguenot background of his mother, Jane Corneigle, whose ancestors had fled from France to escape religious bigotry and persecution. Equally as important in shaping his thinking had been his year at the University of Glasgow, the Alma Mater of his father. There he had come under the influence of some of the greatest liberal thinkers and preachers in all Scotland, the famous Greville Ewing, who personally befriended him; and the equally famous James and Robert Haldane, who gave of both their wealth and their lives to preach a creedless gospel; and the great Irish preacher, Alexander Carson of

Tubbermore, who preached that immersion only was the Scriptural baptism. And it was there, at the last annual communion of the Seceders, that he had rejected the Leaden Token, the symbol of his eligibility to partake of the Lord's Supper, renouncing it, not as a token of communion but as a symbol of separation from other Christians.

Unbeknownst perhaps even to himself, Alexander Campbell had thus already rejected the principal barriers which would separate him from other believers who followed the Savior according to the full measure of their understanding, and was prepared when he landed in New York in September, 1809, and again met his scholarly father, to sympathetically receive the news that his beloved mentor had also been led of God, through trial and persecution, to the same momentous decision, and in a little attic room supplied by Farmer Nathan Welch had written the Declaration and Address.

We have every reason to believe that during the first strenuous weeks and months of his life in America, Alexander Campbell pondered and prayed over every segment of this 30,000 word document and we can well imagine his delight in finding in it the solution to the problem of the divided church; a solution toward which he had himself been groping, here plainly stated for all the world to read. The thirteen propositions of the Address, the heart of the document, beginning with the words which have since rung 'round the world, that "the Church of Christ upon earth is essentially, intentionally and constitutionally one," must have sounded in his ears almost as the words of St. Paul to the Ephesians, written as they were with all "lowliness and meekness, with suffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavoring to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

Dr. Robert Richardson, in his "Memoirs of Alexander Campbell," tells us in classical language that Alexander was "so captivated by its clear, decisive presentations of duty, and the noble Christian enterprise to which it invited, he at once, though unprovided with worldly property and aware that the proposed reformation would, in all probability, provoke the hostility of the religious parties, resolved to consecrate his life to the advocacy of the principles it presented." Soon afterward, when Alexander informed his father that he would not only thereafter devote his life to the cause of Christian unity but had resolved "never to receive any compensation for his labors," Father Thomas warned him that "upon these principles, my dear son, you will wear many a ragged coat." It is interesting to note, as Dr. Richardson pointed out, that "with all his parental partiality, Father Thomas had as yet a very imperfect conception of the indomitable energy and the remarkable ability in the management of affairs" of his son. Which statement, I respectfully submit, may in the light of after events be justly considered as one of the graphic understatements of the century.

Printed copies of the Declaration and Address, posted by Thomas Campbell to every clergyman of every faith in Washington County, Pennsylvania, met with no response whatever. Neither the National nor the Seceder branches of the Presbyterian Church would give serious consideration to such an heritical scheme. And even some of the stalwarts

who helped build with their own hands the little log meetinghouse at Brush Run, eleven miles from Washingcon, began soon to fade away, among them General Thomas Acheson, a lifelong friend of the Campbell both in Ireland and in America.

In looking back through the avenues of the intervening one hundred and fifty years, who can question the sincerity, or the Christian motives, of the doubters? In discarding creeds and ecclesiastical authority, the Campbells were actually proposing nothing less than a religious revolution, as profound and complete, as devastating in its wreckage of ancient idols as the Reformation of Martin Luther. Truly, in the afterglow, it may be said that the Reformation begun by the great Luther was completed by the Restoration Movement of the Campbells.

Could such a movement result in anything less than anarchy, questioned the established churches? Could the Bible, with the right of private interpretation, actually be made the sole authority in religion? Was it practical? Such a movement had never been attempted before. The creeds were the living witnesses *against* the right of private interpretation. Would it work? To the early fathers of our movement, the issue was more than would these principles work in the lives of men. They were asking: “Can Christianity itself stand with only Christ and the Scriptures?”

Alexander Campbell and Thomas Campbell and James Foster and the James Hanans, and the great ones who came later to join them, the Walter Scotts, the Robert Richardsons, the William Pendletons, the Barton W. Stones, the “Raccoon” John Smiths, and all the rest, studied their Bibles as men have seldom studied before, or since. And they answered with a mighty affirmative, “Yes,” which will resound in all parts of the world forever.

It required dedicated men to take this stand and, truly, these were dedicated men.

That unity for which Christ prayed in John 17, that all followers of Jesus might be one even as the Saviour and the Father are one, the union of all Christians, which is the cornerstone and the foundation of the Declaration and Address, was, at the beginning, the first order of the new Movement; the supreme and only justification of its existence. But as time went on little by little the mighty forces, the influences, of the established churches, powerfully arrayed against them, made inroads, and for a period it appeared that the emphasis of the Movement might shift from its original plea of Christian Union to that of the restoration of merely the outward trappings of primitive Christianity; and imitation of the pattern of what was conceived to be the New Testament Church. But never at any time did Alexander and Thomas Campbell lose sight of their tremendous vision that Christian unity must be based upon an acceptance of a common faith and not upon a mere physical conformity with what was designated as “the Ancient Order of Things;” and in due course this vision came again into clear focus as the goal of the new Movement.

In the pursuit of this goal, Alexander Campbell kept steadily in the forefront of his thinking the principles enunciated by Father Thomas in the Declaration and Address. Early in his ministry the principle proclaimed in Proposition Three—that nothing ought to be an article of faith, a term of communion, except what is expressly taught by Christ and his Apostles—fastened his attention on a fundamental truth that dramatically altered the course of his religious thinking.

It is May, 1812, and Alexander is talking with his wife, sitting with their first child before the open hearth of the family kitchen in Buffalo, Virginia. We haven't discussed the baby's baptism," she is saying. "What if we should lose her?" Alexander's answer is our first recorded instance of his personal implementation of his father's tremendous thesis.

"I've been searching the Scriptures, Margaret, for the authority for infant baptism," he speaks the words slowly and with deep emphasis, "and it just isn't there. There isn't any. Infant baptism is without divine authority, and we cannot practice it."

From this position it is but a short step to the further clarification of the method and design of baptism. Devout study of such passages as the Savior's statement recorded in Mark 16 that "He that *believeth* and is baptized shall be saved," and in Paul's letter to the Romans: "Therefore we are *buried* with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life," relieved Alexander's mind of any lingering doubt that baptism was not only a Divine command, but was by immersion and for believers only.

And so it was that the little congregation at Brush Run was led into the waters for baptism by immersion; which act in turn led to a tenuous, half-way membership with the Redstone Baptist Association of Cross Creek, Virginia, an uneasy mesalliance which continued for seventeen years. With this momentous decision on baptism, Alexander Campbell not only took a long forward step in implementing his father's dream by incorporation in the plea for Christian Unity the one universally accepted mode of baptism, but he demonstrated another virtue necessary for any real union, that of a free mind; the ability to renounce error in the light at revealed knowledge, which was with him a life-long characteristic.

In Proposition Four in the Declaration and Address, Thomas Campbell stated: "The New Testament is as perfect a constitution for the worship, discipline and government of the New Testament Church, and as perfect a rule for the particular duties of its members as the Old Testament was for. . . the Old Testament Church."

This passage must have been uppermost in Alexander's mind when he arose to deliver his renowned sermon on "The Law" before the Baptist Redstone Association at Cross Creek, Virginia, in August, 1816. Taking for his text Romans 8:3: "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh," Alexander Campbell in this sermon

first proclaimed to the world the new generally recognized truth, then bitterly opposed by many of the established churches, that Christ came to fulfill, and to supplant, the Jewish law of the Old Testament.

Alexander was only twenty-eight years old when he thus undertook to do for the modern age what the Apostle Paul had done for the churches of the first century in his letters to the Galatians and the Romans: To prove that the Christian Gospel ushered in a new dispensation and was not merely an extension or modification of the old Hebraic law. In so doing he swept aside the theological rubbish of many ages and set firmly in place a great pillar in the platform for Christian Unity. And it was with this sermon, may I add, that the mantle of leadership of the New Movement passed from the aging shoulders of Thomas Campbell to those of his son, to be worn with valor and brilliance and increasing effectiveness for a half a century.

It was with this sermon, also, that a significant development was precipitated in the Movement. As its thesis struck a telling blow at the beliefs of many in the Baptist fold, conditions developed which became so uncomfortable that a few years later, in August 1823, Alexander and his family, with others from the Brush Run Church to the number of thirty-two, withdrew from the Redstone Association and, organizing a separate congregation at Wellsburg, joined the Mahoning Association of Ohio. With this new affiliation, the efforts of the Campbells to effect the unity of the Church of Christ within the framework of the established church parties came to an end.

Of this move, Alexander Campbell wrote in the Millennial Harbinger in 1834:

> "All the world must see that we have been forced into a separate communion. We were driven out of doors because we preferred the approbation of our Lord to the approbation of any sect in Christiandom. If this be our weakness, we ought not to be despised; if this be our wisdom, we ought not to be condemned."

Seeking the approbation of our Lord, we continue, unwillingly, as a separate communion today, championing the cause of unity among all disciples of Jesus. It is to our credit that we stand as a great body of Christians; it is to our shame that we present less than a united front to the world. And because of that, I think Alexander Campbell would say to all factions of our great Brotherhood today: "Physician, heal thyself!"

The heart of the Declaration and Address, the basic premise from which all else evolves, is the first of the thirteen Propositions: "The church of Christ upon earth is essentially, intentionally and constitutionally one; consisting of all those in every place that profess their faith in Christ and obedience to Him in all things according to the Scriptures . . . ."

In seeking to implement this grand thesis, Alexander wisely and effectively emphasized, not the things that divide us but the things upon which we can agree. Listen to him speaking through the pages of the Christian Baptist as early as July, 1825.

> "Disunion among Christians is their disgrace and a perpetual reproach and dishonor to the Lord Jesus Christ. But it is asked: Are all Christians to agree in this union? I answer: In all the *fundamental* things they must and do agree. Every Christian has a divine right to admission into the Church of Christ, and to enjoy all the rights and privileges therein, wherever he may be, if he presents himself Recording to the gospel, unencumbered by sectarian names and creeds."

Listen to him again in that tremendous statement of belief, "The Christian System," when he declares in the preface:

> "The principle which was inscribed upon our banner when we withdrew from the ranks of the sects was Faith in Jesus as the true Messiah and Obedience to Him as our lawgiver and King the only test of Christian character, and the only bond of Christian union, communion and cooperation, irrespective of all creeds, opinions, commandments and traditions of men."

And again in that great chapter in the same book on "Foundations of Christian Union":

> "But the grandeur, sublimity and beauty of the foundation of hope and of ecclesiastical or social union, established by the author and founder of Christianity, consisted in this: The belief of one fact. .. and the submission to one institution expressive of it ... The one fact is expressed in a single proposition, that Jesus the Nazarene is the Messiah; the one institution is baptism into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit."

It was to further implement the plea for Christian Unity that this greatly gifted leader established his two religious periodicals, The Christian Baptist, published from 1823 to 1830, and the Millennial Harbinger, which survived him, both of which achieved world-wide circulation and are yet read and pondered by many thousands of earnest Christians.

It was for the same purpose that, for seven years during his early manhood, he conducted a school for boys, Buffalo Seminary, which he hoped would develop young Timothys of the Faith, and later, at the age of fifty-two, established on his own farm the still unique and justly famous Bethany College, the only institution of higher learning in the world where the Bible was a required textbook, and guided its destinies as President and instructor in the Scriptures until his death.

It was for the purpose of eliminating obsolete words and phrases in the Holy Scriptures which were stumbling-blocks to the proper understanding of the great cause which he espoused, that Alexander Campbell published on his own presses at Bethany a new translation of the New Testament, known as "The Living Oracles," the George Campbell-MacKnight-Doddridge version. It was this version that caused the celebrated John Randolph, during the heat of debate in the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1829, to charge that: "Alexander Campbell can never be satisfied. Even the sacred Scriptures cannot satisfy him, and he has given us a new Bible of his own!"

Alexander Campbell entered secular politics as a delegate to the Virginia Constitutional Convention for the primary purpose, as he wrote to his colleague, Colonel Charles S. Morgan, of introducing certain badly needed reforms, such as an Amendment for the abolition of slavery; the extension of suffrage; and the popular election of judges. In that assembly he served with such eminent statesmen as Ex-President James Monroe, James Madison, Chief Justice John Marshall, future President Tyler, and John Randolph of Roanoke. But he also took advantage of the occasion to preach Christian unity according to the Gospel. Almost every night he was in some pulpit, or upon some platform, the quality of his messages being such as to cause James Madison, one of his frequent listeners, to characterize him as "One of the ablest and most original expounders of the Scriptures I have ever heard."

Likewise, in each of his famous debates, Alexander Campbell was prompted principally by the desire to promote the cause of Christian Unity as set forth in the Declaration and Address. In his debate with John Walker and with W. L. McCalla, he emphasized the divisive nature of human creeds as well as the divine nature and universality of Scriptural baptism; and through the printed accounts of the debates, spread widely the plea of the new Movement. His debate with the celebrated British atheist-socialist, Robert Owen, in Cincinnati in 1829, was the result of his acceptance of a challenge by Owen to any clergyman, anywhere, to debate the "Evidence of Christianity." In this encounter, Campbell so effectively appeared as the champion of all Christendom that the Restoration Movement came to the attention of many thousands who otherwise might never have heard of it. And his debate with the Catholic Bishop John B. Purcell in 1837 in the same city, in response to the Bishop's declaration that "The Protestant Reformation has been the cause of all the contention and infidelity in the world," established him as the greatest and most original apologist of Protestant religious thought since the days of Martin Luther. His last debate, and perhaps the most far-reaching in its influence on succeeding generations, was his sixteen-day battle with the celebrated Presbyterian scholar, Dr. Nathan L. Rice, at Lexington, Kentucky, in November, 1843. This debate has been characterized as the most thorough exposure of the fallacy and folly of human creeds ever made, and should be required reading for our brethren today. As Campbell stated on the sixteenth day of this encounter:

> "Our doctrine is catholic, very catholic—not Roman Catholic, nor Greek Catholic, but simply catholic. In religion we have one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one body, one spirit, one hope, and one God and Father. But we have many *opinions*. The church, then, may have opinions by thousands, while her faith is limited to the inspired testimony of the Apostles and the prophets. Where that testimony begins and ends, faith begins and ends. In faith, then, all Christians may be one, though of diverse knowledge and of numerous

> opinions. In faith we must be one, for there is but one Christian faith; while in opinions we may differ. Hence, we are commanded to receive one another, without regard to differences of opinion.
>
> "It is not the object of our efforts to make men think alike on a thousand themes. Let men think as they please on any matters of human opinion, and upon 'doctrines of religion: provided only that they hold THE head to be Christ and keep His commandments."

In Proposition Eight of the Declaration and Address, Thomas Campbell emphasized that full knowledge of all revealed truth is not necessary to entitle persons to membership in the church; "Neither should they, for this purpose, be required to make a profession more extensive than their knowledge." And, again, in Proposition Twelve, he stated that all that is needed for the purity and perfection of the church is that it receive those, and only those, who profess faith in Christ and obey Him according to the Scriptures.

It was with these profound truths in mind, I think, that Alexander most effectively implemented his father's thesis. For despite the fact that he is generally regarded as an unemotional and intellectually aloof man, nothing he ever did or said or wrote contributed as much to the healing of wounds caused by the strife of divisions as his attitude of understanding and respect for those who did not see with him eye to eye. At no time during his life long plea for Christian unity did Alexander Campbell hold that an eventual return to New Testament Christianity be identical in all details with what *he* thought constituted that return. At no *time* did he allocate all knowledge and wisdom in spiritual matters to himself, and those like him. In nothing he ever said or wrote is this better exemplified than in his noble reply to the lady of Lunenburg, who wrote him asking: "How can anyone become a Christian? Does the name of Christ belong to any but those who believe the Gospel, repent and are buried by baptism into the death of Christ?"

"Who is a Christian?" answered Alexander Campbell. "Everyone who believes in his heart that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah, the son of God; repents of his sins and obeys Him in all things according to his measure of knowledge of His will. I cannot, therefore, make anyone duty the standard of Christian state or character, not even immersion... Should I find a Pedobaptist more intelligent in the Christian scriptures, more spiritually-minded and more devoted to the Lord than one immersed on a profession of the ancient faith, I would not hesitate a moment in giving the preference of my heart to him that loveth most. Did I act otherwise I would be a pure sectarian, a Pharisee among Christians. It is the image of *Christ* the Christian looks for and loves, and this does not consist in being exact in a few items but in general devotion to the whole truth as far as known."

Thus, by precept and example Alexander Campbell throughout his long life faithfully implemented his father's thesis and pointed the way for those of us who follow after him in our quest of the unity of God's people.

Paraphrasing the words of Abraham Lincoln, whose time Campbell shared and whose family was intimately influenced by the Movement he headed: It is for us the living to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which this man has so nobly advanced; that from his dedication we take renewed inspiration to the cause for which he gave the last full measure of devotion.

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THE MESSAGE OF HAGGAI

W. Carl Ketcherside

"For all those words which were written long ago are meant to teach us today; that when we read in the scriptures of the endurance of men and of all the help that God gave them in those days, we may be encouraged to go on hoping in our own time. (Rom. 15:4 Phillips).

This statement of the apostle indicates that the ancient prophets have a message for us in these days. That which they spoke orally to their contemporaries has been written down "to teach us today." This implied that human nature and human problems do not change. Although presented in varied aspects and in different garb they remain basically the same.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.
They died, aye! they died, and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

It is a consideration of this fact which prompts me to write about Haggai. He was a prophet in an arrested restoration. It was not his task to get the people to return to Palestine. His was the job of getting them to return to work. Those who had enlisted to restore the temple of God had become either discouraged or complacent. Their great

original objective was lost. They had begun to concentrate on material gain and luxurious living. Excuses were being made to justify their indifference. They needed to be awakened, aroused and alerted.

1. The Background

In conformity with the dire predictions made by earlier prophets, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, thrice marched against Jerusalem, destined to destruction as a divine recompence for greed and idolatry. In the year B.C. 606 he carried away as captives many of the royal seed; in 598 B.C. he besieged the city, took the king prisoner, despoiled the temple and palace of their treasurers, and transported the princes, craftsmen and artisans to Babylon. “None remained, except the poorest people of the land.” Zedekiah, who was left to rule, foolishly revolted, and the foreign monarch again laid siege to the city. The walls were finally breached, and in B.C. 586, Nebuzaradan, chief of staff among the Chaldean forces, set fire to the city, leaving it a mass of rubble and smoking ruins. “And all the army of the Chaldeans who were with the captain of the guard, broke down the walls around Jerusalem.”

The people of Judah were dispersed throughout Chaldea in small colonies. Their national hopes were kept alive by Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel, who promised they would be repatriated if they repented and turned to God with undivided hearts. Long before the birth of Cyrus, founder of the Persian Empire, it had been prophesied by Isaiah, who even named him, that he would be God’s shepherd to fulfill his purpose, “Saying of Jerusalem, ‘She shall be built,’ and of the temple, ‘Your foundation shall be laid.’ “ Accordingly, as the seventy years of exile drew near the close, Cyrus overthrew Babylon, and in B.C. 536, “the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus, king of Persia, so that he made a proclamation throughout all his kingdom and put it in writing.” The effect of this was to free all of the exiles who desired to return for the express purpose of rebuilding the house of the Lord. They were granted the right of taking gold, silver, goods, beasts and costly wares. The king personally restored 5,469 vessels of gold and silver which had been carried from the temple and placed in the idolatrous shrines in Babylon.

About 50,000 captives chose to constitute the remnant to return to the land of Judah. They were under the leadership of Joshua, a priest of the family of Aaron; and of Zerubbabel, a prince of the house of David. The latter carried a commission as governor of the land. It is highly probable that two young men, Haggai and Zechariah, were in the company. The first act of the people was to build the altar and offer upon it daily burnt offerings unto God. Inspired by this, they contributed generously to a fund for masons and carpenters, and created a stockpile of food, oil and wine, to use as foreign exchange in order to obtain of the Tyrians and Sidonians, cedar trees from the mountains of Lebanon.

In B.C. 534, they laid the foundation for the new temple, an event which was celebrated with pomp and ceremony. The people shouted with a great shout when they praised the Lord, but the aged men who had seen the original temple wept with a loud voice, “so that the people could not distinguish the sound of the joyful shout from the sound of the weeping.”

2. The Prophet

It is fourteen years after the temple foundation was laid down when we are introduced to Haggai. We know little about him except that he was God’s messenger to “restore the restoration” and revive the flagging zeal of the people. During the interval that elapsed the work had ceased. The people lost heart because of the hardships they endured. Their fields had to be cleared of stones and briars. Jungle growth had become an almost impenetrable thicket where their houses once stood. Their original substance was becoming exhausted. Worst of all, they were continuously harassed by the semi-barbarous Samaritans who lived to the north of them. To add insult to injury, these foes addressed a letter to Smerdis, a successor to Cyrus, on the Persian throne, insinuating that the purpose of the Jews was to rebuild Jerusalem as to fortress, to be used in fomenting a revolt. The result was that Smerdis, a usurper, issued an interdict against continuance of the work.

The date of the prophetic work of Haggai is not in doubt. Ezra declares that the building of the temple “ceased until the second year of the reign of Darius king of Persia.” Haggai tells us it was on the first day of the sixth month of that year that the word of the Lord came to him. That would be in B.C. 520, the second year of Darius Hystaspes. The interdict had not been lifted yet, when Haggai and Zechariah urged the people to resume their effort. Ezra records that Zerubbabel and Joshua “arose and began to rebuild the house of God which is in Jerusalem; and with them were the prophets of God helping them.”

Again the enemies came to Jerusalem and in an insolent manner asked the laborers by whose authority they prosecuted their work. When they cited the original edict of Cyrus, a letter was dispatched to Darius Hystaspes, asking that a search be made of the royal archives to determine if this was factual. In the royal library at Ecbatana, a scroll was found containing the original decree, and Darius declared that not only must the work not be hindered, but the cost of construction was to be paid from the royal revenue derived from tribute payments.

3. The Message

The revelation by Haggai is very brief. It consists of five pronouncements. These cover two small chapters. The time required to deliver them was four months, between the first day of the sixth month and the twenty-fourth day of the ninth month, in B.C. 620. It should

not be forgotten that the exhortation to resume building was given prior to repeal of the interdict of Smerdis. We suggest that the concerned student read carefully the abbreviated statements comprising this small book. Haggai enunciates clearly the principles on which God deals with men and directs their affairs. The careful researchist will arrive at the following conclusions:

1. God demands first place in our thoughts and lives. To relegate him to a secondary position is to cut ourselves off from our own source of blessing. Man is required to develop a proper sense of values.

2. The pleasure and glory of God must take precedence over our own desires and ambitions, otherwise all of our labors will be unfruitful and ineffective.

3. There is nothing to fear so long as the Spirit of God abides among a people. This is not only the greatest incentive to labor but provides unquestionable security and protection.

4. All silver and gold belong to the Lord and we are but stewards dispensing his possessions left in trust with us. To use these upon self and secure personal luxury at the expense of his cause is to prove lax and unworthy.

5. Men are required to take personal stock of their lives in the light of what transpires, and to adjust their behavior accordingly. Haggai repeats the admonition, “Consider how you have fared.”

The word of the Lord came to Haggai at an opportune time. The first day of the sixth month was the feast of the new moon. This was the occasion for a special sacrifice and a feast within the sacred precincts of the temple. The people must have assembled amidst the piles of hewn stones, the heaps of lumber, and the stacked beams.

For almost fourteen years these had borne witness to the unfinished task. They gave mute testimony of the fear and forgetfulness, the fright and failure of the ransomed ones. In such a scene the prophet can no longer contain himself. He begins with the utterance, “The people say the time has not yet come to rebuild the house of the Lord.” He struck directly at the heart of their condition. “Is it a time for you yourselves to dwell in your paneled houses, while this house lies in ruins?”

They had the time, talent and treasure to devote to erection of their own dwellings, and these were houses of luxury. God had given them warnings which went unheeded. They planted much seed and harvested but little grain; they ate but their hunger was never assuaged; they drank but were never filled; they clothed themselves but were not warmed; inflationary prices reduced the purchasing power of their incomes until it was as if they earned wages to put them into a bag with holes. These things they credited to bad luck, poor seasons, and the robbery of their marauding neighbors. They were due to learn a lesson. “You have looked for much, and, lo, it came to little; and when you brought it

home, I blew it away. Why? says the Lord of hosts. Because of my house that lies in ruins, while you busy yourself with your own house."

The people were asked to consider how they fared prior to starting the foundation of the temple. They were asked to contrast their meager fare with the abundance which would be theirs when they committed themselves without reserve to restoration of the house and worship of God. It was declared, "From this day on I will bless you."

Our fathers also began a great work of restoration. Men of honor in the various segments of Protestantism, dissatisfied with the partisan spirit which held them aloof from one another by the creation of "brotherhoods" based upon creedal affirmations and opinions, joined their forces to return from spiritual Babylon, or confusion, to restore the ancient order. It was their goal to destroy sectarianism by the uniting of the Christians in all sects through a restoration of the primitive ekklesia, or fellowship, based upon faith in Jesus as God's Son and the Messiah.

Now that work has bogged down. For decades, the heirs of this noble movement have been content to build their own houses, or factions, separating and segregating brethren in total disregard of the prayer of Jesus, and with little effort expended upon the task of contructing the house of God. Thorns of hatred and thickets of entangled creedal opinions have grown up to obscure the spiritual site. Some, mistaking the foundation for the house, have concluded that Campbell, Stone and Scott, completely restored Jerusalem, and left nothing for us to do, except to mark off a segment of the ruins and boldly challenge all intruders and interlopers upon our respective domains.

But the task of restoration belongs to each generation. We need to be reminded in the spirit of Haggai, that God can only bless us if we labor at the effort. "Take courage, all you people of the land, says the Lord; work, for I am with you, says the Lord of hosts." We should not be deterred by the accusations and attacks of our neighbors, or by the lethargy and indifference of our brethren. Nor should we succumb to the temptation of ease and luxury, to "dwell in wainscoted houses while the house of God lies in ruins." It is only by the sacrifice of the concerned ones that the house of God will be constructed so that he can have pleasure in it and appear in his glory. We need once more to recapture the spirit of Haggai, prophet of the return—*to work*!

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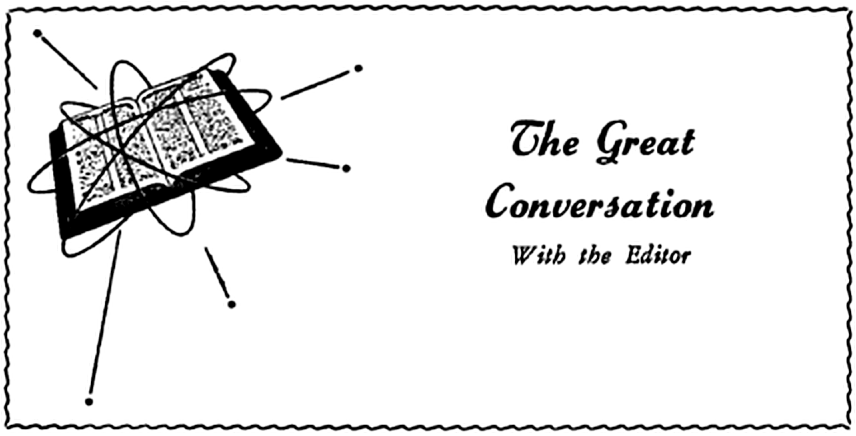

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF ALEXANDER CAMPBELL

Through the kindness of Professor Walter Hendrickson of MacMurray College, who copied them from the originals in the archives of the Illinois State Historical Society, we present the following hitherto unpublished letters of Alexander Campbell. The letters are not especially significant, but they do point to persons and places of interest, and they reveal what we had already suspected, that Campbell was an exacting schoolmaster. The Dr. Jones mentioned in the second letter was probably the Dr. Jones of Jacksonville, important in the history of Illinois Disciples. The first letter is to Mrs. David King of Pittsburg; the second to Mr. King.

Bethany College

March 1, 1842

Sister King,

Dear Madam,

For the present time I deem it most advisable to send your son Campbell home. His mind is so volatile, and so active that I think he cannot be confined to his studies in such a way as to justify the expense of continuing here. He is improving in attention, but not in such a degree as to meet my expectations. In a year more I doubt not but he will be more staid. I placed him under the care of a worthy brother.

John is well and doing very well. He is decidedly one of the most exemplary of our students.

Excuse my great haste as the opportunity of sending Campbell has unexpectedly occured.

I have not time for more than to intimate (illegible word) of (two illegible words) and my Christian regards.

Very Sincerely yours

A. Campbell

Bethany, Va.

Feby. 23, 1843
Dear Sir,

Enclosed you will please find our general letter and a few addresses to my special agents, men of extensive acquaintance at those point you have named to me. I hoped to have seen you and to have conferred with you on different points. I might have then written to some other of my acuaintances had you thought of any places you would likely have visited. Could you fall in with Elder Thomas M. Allen in Missouri or Dr. L. Jones of Illinois and confer with them on the whole country, you might obtain valuable information. Where to find them I cannot say as they are often from home. But there {their} brothers can probably introduce you to them.

John is unexceptionable, his whole demeanor such that he does not devote himself to his studies with that perseverance and energy which (is) so much desired, and which is so needful to his success. Can you not visit us on your way? Our kindest regards.

To Mrs. King—may you have a prosperous journey and find a comfortable location is the desire of your friend,
A. Campbell

PUBLICATION OF INTEREST

In the early fall MacMurray College will issue a monograph on *Philosophy in High School*, edited by Leroy Garrett. This is a report on the Lilly Endowment Project in Philosophy at Jacksonville, Illinois High School, together with essays by professors of philosophy on the teaching of philosophy in American high schools.

The Lilly Endowment, Inc. is making a number of these monographs free for the asking. A number of the readers of this journal have expressed interest in this experimental project which for three years has been directed by the editor. 1£ you would like to receive a copy, send a card to the publication office of this journal, or write directly to MacMurray College, J ackson ville, Illinois.

"THE CHRISTIAN YOUTH"

The magazine for young people is issued from Farmington, N. Mex. (Box 103) and is edited by Dean R. Garrison, a forward-looking young Disciple. It is a 16-page job with a subscription rate of $1 per year, published monthly. Why not encourage the effort by subscribing for some teenager.

A SHEPHERD TALKS TO HIS FLOCK ABOUT UNITY

(Martim M. Mitchum is an elder in the First Christian Church in Rolla, Missouri. He prepared the following for the flock under his oversight. In these days of religious decadence it is well that we give special attention to a restoration of the office of bishop in the New Testament ecclesia. Since the professional minister has displaced the true function of the scriptural shepherds, it is encouraging to find instances of elders themselves attending to the needs of their people rather than hiring somebody to do it for them.-the Editor)

In about 58 AD. Paul wrote a letter from Corinth to the Christians at Rome. The letter was a substitute for a personal visit he was unable to make. Among the instructions in the letter is the following:

> We who are strong ought to bear with the failings and the frailties and the tender scruples of the weak. We ought to help carry the doubts and qualms of others, and not to please ourselves. Let each one of us make it a practice to please his neighbor for his good and for his true welfare, to edify him-that is, to strengthen him and build him up spiritually.
>
> For Christ gave no thought to His own interests to please Himself; but, as it is written, The reproaches and abuses of those who approached and abused you fell on J\Ie. For whatever was thus written in former days was written for our instruction, that by endurance and the encouragement from the Scriptures we might hold fast and cherish hope.
>
> Now may the God Who gives the power of patient endurance and Who supplies encouragement, grant you to live in such mutual harmony and such full sympathy with one another, in accord with Christ Jesus, that together you may with united hearts and one voice, praise and glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Messiah. (Rom. 15:1-6. Amplified New Testament)

In the church at Rome were both Jews and Gentiles. Due to lifetime habits it was difficult for them to give up some of their practices. In the passage quoted Paul is dealing with some of these areas of conflict, one having to do with matters of diet and another with the observance of days. Paul tells them that they are not to violate their conscience and that those "who are strong" (those not bound by these restrictive ideas) are to bear with the weak. In Rom. 15:5 he shows that it is by "patient endurance" that the strong helps the

weak. This means “endure without complaint, forbearance toward the faults of others.” Patience is a way of approaching a problem, and it does not imply surrender. Paul talks about the *power* of patient endurance. It is something that can be learned.

James stresses this virtue in saying, “Let endurance and steadfastness and patience have full play and do a thorough work, so that you may be perfectly and fully developed, lacking in nothing.” Heb. 12:1 urges us “to run the race we have to run with patience, our eyes fixed on Jesus, the source and goal of our faith.”

Besides the power of patient endurance God supplies encouragement, which is a tremendous concept. While friends and family often give us encouragement, Paul is talking about that encouragement that is supplied by God himself. The degree of this encouragement will depend upon our closeness to God, which is reflected in prayer. It is a profound commentary on the humanity of Jesus that he spent so much time in prayer. His prayer for the unity of all believers is a monument of His concern for us.

I am impressed by the way some missionaries talk as if they virtually receive daily instructions from God. Those whose stories are told in such books as *Through Gates of Splendor* and *Shadow of the Almighty* knew in a very real way what it is to be encouraged by God. Perhaps we too would receive encouragement from God if we were more responsive to Him and more eager to please Him.

Referring again to Rom. 15:5 we notice that Paul’s prayer is that God may grant the saints “mutual harmony and such full sympathy with one another, in accord with Christ Jesus, that together you may with one voice glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.” In asking for harmony he is not asking for *sameness*. Harmony in music, for example, is obtained by combining different parts in such a way that each part enhances the whole. This is unity in diversity. Though the parts are different they complement each other and combine to produce harmony. This is because each part is carefully related to the central melody. It is tragic that so many believe that unity is dependent upon all the saints being in agreement on everything. Paul makes it clear that unity does not depend upon our seeing everything alike:

> Again, one man thinks some days of more importance than others. Another man considers them all alike. Let everyone be definite in his own convictions. If a man specially observes one particular day, he does so “to God.” The man who eats, eats “to God,” for he thanks God for the food. The man who fasts also does it “to God,” for he thanks God for the benefits of fasting. (Rom. 14:5.6. Phillips)

Paul did not say, “Let everyone be definite in one and the same conviction,” but rather, “Let everyone be definite in *his own* conviction.” This shows that unity is not dependent upon unanimity of religious opinion. This is consistent with Paul’s own practice, for in 1 Cor. 9 he explains how he became “all things to all sorts of men that by every possible means I might win some to God.”

If Paul could sympathize with so many divergent viewpoints in order to extend his Christian influence, how can Christians today justify isolationist attitudes which lessen their influence and undermine world opinion of the church?

Paul states that the harmony and sympathy he prays for is to be in accord with Christ Jesus. This means that Jesus is the central melody around which the music is composed. He is the basis of our fellowship. While we may not deny the validity of his instructions, we may differ as to the methods to be used in carrying out some of his instructions. Our faith is in the living Christ, and we cannot be in harmony with each other apart from Him.

Once God gives us patience and encouragement we can achieve that harmony and sympathy which is in accord with the Christ. Then with united hearts we can praise the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Even though it may not be with a unanimity of opinions, it will nonetheless be with united hearts that look to Jesus. The saints at Rome came from different backgrounds and they had differing convictions. So it is in the church today. Whenever differences do not conflict with total surrender to the Christ, they need not be a barrier to fellowship.

If we adopt the principle that the strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, I believe we will move toward agreement in matters on which we once differed. Study will do this. Paul's principle will cure the disease of party ism in religion. It is because we have ignored his instruction that we have so many sects. Most of the religious bodies now in existence are results of division. The pattern is always the same: controversy arises in a congregation; accusations are made; personalities are involved; triumph of opinion becomes more important than truth; people take sides; division follows.

Amidst such controversy it is difficult to be neutral. It seems that one is almost *forced* to take sides. I have been asked more than once whether I am an "Independent" or a "Cooperative." When I reply that I am neither, the rejoinder is often, "But you must be one or the other. They just won't let you be neither." A few editors and preachers also agitate the issue of dispute. They are careful to feed the party spirit lest it die! There is something appealing to the ego about being a party leader, especially if those concerned can convince themselves that they are defenders of the faith against heretics.

Once the party spirit is more important that the unity of the spirit, it is difficult for the elders to preserve peace. If the elders were not hindered by outside influences, they might be able to safeguard unity since they are closer to the congregation as a whole and have a genuine desire for unity. The elders can resolve a controversy in a congregation better than some visiting evangelist or minister.

When division comes there are new tests of fellowship set up and the communication between the dissenting groups is broken. Each will not let a speaker from the other side occupy the pulpit. Sometime one party will lock the other party out of the building. I have

seen this happen. Christians should be above such disgraceful actions. A complete split is evident once they will no longer worship together nor permit an exchange of ministers.

Paul's admonition in Rom. 14 will correct all this if heeded. Perhaps we have spurned the apostle's advice because it is difficult. It is easier to impugn the motives of the opponent than it is to be patient and bear with his vituperations. It is easier to take sides and form a party than it is to work for harmony. It is easier to be a party man than it is to admit that each side has some truth. It is easier to tear down than to build.

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BIOGRAPHY

The Autobiography of J. W. McGarvey. J. W. McGarvey. College of the Bible, Lexington, Kentucky. 1960. 93 p., $1.50.

J. W. McGarvey had contemplated a biography to be prepared by his son John, Jr. To this end he wrote 121 pages in hand writing so precisely and closely written that a page of script equals a page of typing. This was to be used by his son in writing the biography. However, his son preceded him in death, and the biography was never written. The manuscript is here reproduced in its unfinished state.

In it we have the heart of a great disciple and scholar. One who knew personally the fathers of the restoration. A great treasure of the book is his reflections upon Campbell, Richardson, Franklin, Smith, Errett, Pendleton, and others of the early disciple period.

His reflections are apt to fill the restoration scholar with nostalgia, when we think of our present status quo. After reading some sections one wants to sit in meditation. His third visit to Bethany—the "Alma Mater"—was one that caused me to think of America's receding glory, religiously and politically. The occasion was to deliver one of a series of lectures before the summer school.

> "I was one of the speakers on the occasion, as was also Gen. Jas. A. Garfield whom I then met for the last time before his elevation to the Presidency and his tragic death. Little was thought then of the honors soon to be showered upon him or the speedy termination of

his career, and no one could have imagined that I would so long survive him and Pres. Pendleton and others who figured conspicuously on that occasion."

The book is a worthy addition to the literature of our heritage.

—CLINT EVANS

INTERPRETATION

The Song of Songs, Hugh J. Schonfield, Mentor paperback, 1959, 50c.

Controversy over the Song has raged for 2,000 years. The Pharisees debated its place in the canon. Jewish and Christians have long sought for justification for its inclusion in the sacred scriptures. While some have treated it as a kind of outline of history from the exodus to the Messianic Age, others have viewed as political or mystical. The most popular interpretation has been that the Song is an allegory depicting the love of God for his people. Christians have generally considered it a love song between Christ and his church.

Hugh Schonfield, known widely for his translation of the New Covenant scriptures, brings his knowledge of the languages to the problem of the Song. He has produced a beautiful and moving translation. He devotes 32 pages to background material: the people, the setting, the customs of the day. He thus has such chapters as Geography of the Song, Style and Structure, Age and Authorship, Setting of the Song, Place in the Sacred Canon. He deals with such theories of interpretation as the allegory theory, drama theory, wedding feast theory, fertility rite theory, and love song theory.

In bringing the major theories together, Schonfield has given us an invaluable work I believe with Bernard of Clairvaux that unless one comes to the Song with love he will miss its message, for the heart that doesn't love cannot grasp its message. Love is like a language; unless you know the tongue itself, you will not understand it when you hear it spoken, for love's language appears crude to the man who does not love. Love is a many splendoured thing. That, in a sentence, may serve as the best commentary on the Song of Songs, for it is the Bible's timeless tribute to the recurring miracle of springtime in the heart and in nature.

—W ALTER SHORT

Beneath the Cross of Jesus, Reginald E. O. White. William Eerdmans, Grand Rapids. 1959. $3.00.

Mr. White's book is a series of short meditations on the Passion of Jesus. An editor who writes the jacket blurb suggests that the book be read at well-spaced intervals so that one may reflect "upon the profound truths that are unfolded." This reader cannot agree with the *reason* given, but does second the *method* in the belief that few readers could plow through the tortured prose without frequent rests.

There is a kind of stylistic cuteness about this book which defeats its good purpose. Every page is larded with parallelisms, balanced clauses and other rhetorical devices. The prose is labored and tiresome, both of which faults might be overlooked if the contents were meaty. But the meat is scarce and is all but hidden by the parsley.

There are some inspiring anecdotes which illustrate the author's devotional essays. In these he tends to avoid the disconcertingly elaborate rhetoric. But they are not frequent enough to make one feel that he is justified in hurdling the formidable stylistic barriers.

A few short pieces seem better than the rest. 'The Commentary of Jesus" examines five metaphors used by Jesus to show how his death would affect the life and faith of his followers, and is mildly interesting. But one comes away with an uneasy feeling that these better essays would not really be peaks at all were the general locale not so flat.

Excerpts from any page will illustrate the defects of style. Here are sentences from a half page chosen at random: "And Jesus died, victim of man's sin against light and love and innocence; sacrificed to cowardice, selfishness, ingratitude; broken by corporate wrongdoing in which all share blame, yet each claims personal innocence; killed by the 'little' sins that accumulate to a whole world's undoing." "Sin in the cross is exposed, cauterized, and cleansed. It does its worst, and is defeated: it unveils its dire malignancy, but cannot overcome the love of Christ. Yet all the interweaving melodies of redemption, forgiveness, security and peace, the joyous descant of the hope of glory, sound against the deep bass undertone: He was despised, and rejected of men."

Such sentences defeat their purpose even as one sees them standing alone; in context, in company with hundreds of others just like them, they first annoy and finally numb the intelligence.

Mr. White's purpose is so good and his devotion so obvious that one would want to pass along to him in the purest kindness that famous remark made to discursive Polonius: "More matter with less art."

—ROBERT MEYER

PROBLEM OF EVIL

Between God and Satan, Helmut Thielicke, Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Company, Grand Rapids, Michigan, 1958, $2.00.

Mr. Thielicke's book is an interesting exposition of the temptation of Jesus in the wilderness giving insights into our own temptation. It contains material for serious reflection. Certainly with the casual "hands in pocket" attitude that is taken toward God these days it is needed. The brisk sale of books that make God to be some kind of a bargainer who will grant us this or that if we will do something for Him have made man to think that he is the god of God.

God must conform to our conception of what he ought to be. He can cause us to suffer as long as it serves a purpose that we can rationally explain. The wicked must not prosper, the pious must do well.

Our temptation arises when we do not understand his ways. He appears to have no purpose and man's belief is a belief in a purpose. When he finds none, he reasons, "Is God really there at all? Does God exist?" Concerning such a belief in God, Mr. Thielicke writes,

"This belief is belief in the highest wisdom; and lo—

God is foolishness (I Cor. 1:18, 21).

This belief is belief in the glory of God and in his splendour; and lo—

God comes near to us despised and spat on and nailed to the tree of torment.

This belief is belief in miracles (I Cor. 1:22); and lo—

God is silent (Matt. 12:39) and does not descend from the cross (Matt. 27:40).

This belief is always, secretly and under cover, a belief in man himself; and lo—

God is God and not this human being."

Jesus temptation lay in whether he would be forced to prove he was God's Son by miracle mongering. If Satan succeeded it would be he who prescribed Christ's action. "It would then be he who held the real power. It would then be in his name and to his glory that the miracles would be worked."

Mr. Thielicke treats the three aspects of Jesus' temptation under the headings "The Reality of Hunger," "Alluring Miracle of Display," and "J esus' Kingdom of This World," and then draws interesting analogies to our own.

This book will inspire awe before God, one whose thoughts and ways are not as ours. You will be reminded how vastly different God is from the god "Nature," the god "Fate." These are "comfortable gods," "nodding gods," "yes sayers," and "the originators of a pious intoxication that commits us to nothing."

—HAROLD HENDERSON

THE VICTORY

Faith is the Victory. E. M. Blaiklock. Wm. B. Eerdmans, Grand Rapids, Mich. 1959. 64 p. $2.00

Faith is the Victory is a study of the First Epistle of John, and is based on the authors own translation E. M. Blaiklock is professor of Classics in the University College in Auckland, New Zealand. His illustrations are often illuminated by fresh insights of classical learning.

The message of John's Epistle is as needed today as then. We too need to restore the Lordship of Jesus, to recognize his authority in our lives. Those who walk in light portraying the fellowship in Christ through their love for one another, need not fear the hate of the world. The world!; consistent opposition to all that saviours of God and good is a fact of history and experience. Hate always translates itself into persecution. Righteousness, all through history and everywhere, challenges evil, and evil will have none of it. Plato, four centuries before Christ, had said, "The Just Man will be scourged, racked, thrown into chains; he will have his eyes burnt out and after enduring every pain he will be crucified."

The whole pattern of history shows that those who seek righteousness as a minority, and over against them the conforming multitude, the few against the crowd. And the conforming multitude hate the few who stand out. THEY RESENT THE CHALLENGE.
—CLINT EVANS

RESTORATION

The Sage of Bethany, edited by Perry E. Grehsam, St. Louis, Mo., Bethany Press, 1960, $1.95.

This is a collection of ten essays on Alexander Campbell, written by Perry Gresham, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., W. E. Garrison, Louis Cochran, Roland Bainton, S. J. England, Harold Lunger, Eva Jean Wrather. The Schlesinger essay was previously published in this journal.

Gresham deals with Campbell's educational and social philosophy. He thinks it is an injustice that Campbell is not sufficiently recognized by American history. While Daniel Webster was hardly recognized in his own day, he is honored by history. Alexander Campbell, on the Other hand, was highly esteemed by his contemporaries, while neglected by history. Gresham believes, however, that there is presently some inclination to recover Campbell's merited stature.

Campbell began the *Millennial Harbinger,* Gresham points out, in order to give expression to his educational philosophy: "To show the inadequacy of the present systems of education, literary and moral, to develop the powers of the human mind, and to prepare man for rational and social happiness." Perhaps nothing illustrates Campbell's concern for education more than his establishment of Bethany College on his own farm with an initial outlay of $15,000 of his own money. Gresham shows that Campbell's aim in starting a college was to educate young men in the liberal arts and sciences. The Sage of Bethany did not start a seminary or Bible college. Parochialism was as far from his mind as it is from the mind of Robert Maynard Hutchins. In starting a college Campbell was influenced both by Glasgow University, where he once studied, and the University of Virginia. Campbell made Bethany distinctive by offering courses in constitutional and international law.

Bethany's "bill of fare" was for the purpose of educating man "to recognize his responsibility to carry on the great institutions, such as the school, the church, the state, the home.

Gresham's second essay is a treatment of Campbell's political and religious controversy with Robert Owen, The British socialist, in 1829. To Gresham the Sage of Bethany was "a significant educator reformer who brought his forensic skill to bear on the great social issues of his time." He thinks Campbell was instrumental in defeating the socialist impetus in young America and in sending Owen back to England with injured pride.

Gresham's essays make use of Mark Twain's reference to Alexander Campbell in his *Autobiography.* Though Twain's account of Campbell is fabulously interesting, it is almost certainly a case of mistaken identity. I learned this the hard way in that this journal recently published the same story. Dr. Claude E. Spencer, curator of Disciples of Christ historical society, has shown in *The Discipliana* that Campbell could not have been in Hannibal, Mo. at the time Mark Twain was a printer's devil. An authority of Mark Twain also commented on the case for me, confirming that Twain was careless about such references, that he would sometime take a notable name and use it in lieu of the facts. Mark Twain may well have been talking about some Campbellite preacher that was visiting in Hannibal, but Spencer has proved to my satisfaction that it could not have been Alexander Campbell himself.

In his essay on "The Drama of Alexander Campbell" Louis Cochran describes Campbell as vividly as if he had just had a personal interview with the man. He concludes that he was "as distinguished-looking a Virginia gentleman as one would hope to find even in Richmond." Campbell is a hero to Cochran: "Alexander Campbell was a tremendous human being; a great champion of human freedom and religious liberty, and the foremost advocate in modern times of Christian unity." The essay is rich in tidbits on Campbell's life: he was always in a hurry and walked rapidly; sometimes his steps were irregular as if he could not make up his mind; he rarely raised his voice; he raised sheep and presided at conventions of wool growers; he was five feet eleven inches tall and weighed 175, but the force of his personality caused him to appear larger.

Cochran tells how he was first discouraged in his plan to write a novel on Campbell, for authorities assured him that Campbell's personal life was as dull as a dishwasher. But Cochran has found *drama* there—personal risk, sacrifice, uncertain tortuous struggles, mighty conflicts, passionate decisions. The author spells out some of this drama. My favorite is the account of Campbell, while but a youth back in Glasgow, refusing the leaden token from the Seceder officials which would have enabled him to take the Lord's Supper to the exclusion of those who had no token.

W. E. Garrison's article describes Campbell as a pioneer in broadcloth, a term he is careful to define, meaning that Campbell was "a man who had characteristics of mind and personality that were in contrast with the frontier environment in which he did his pioneering work." His is a historian's approach, carefully depicting the frontier life of early America. Garrison shows that the usual descriptions of the crudity of pioneer life are inadequate in that they supposed that such conditions were long-lasting. The cutting edge of the frontier kept moving westward, leaving centers of culture here and there. Campbell was a pioneer, but he was much unlike the "coonskin-cap" type in that he was a gentleman of culture who became a wealthy farmer, editor, publisher, world traveler, and. college president. There was that duality about Campbell as both pioneer and aristocrat that pur him in contact with the amalgam of early American life.

Roland Bainton of Yale treats Campbell in respect co the social order. He sees him as sharing the romanticism of *his* day that viewed America as the free environment in which man can recover his dignity before God and the natural order as relucent with God. Yet Bainton points to Campbell's conviction that nature does not reveal God, for it is the Bible that does this. God illuminates nature, but without the Bible we cannot so much as know of the existence of God. Bainton shows a relevance between America utopianism and Christian millenarianism, suggesting a blend of these phenomena in Campbell's description of the millennium—"one protracted series of revivals, mild seasons, salubrious climate, vigorous health, less labor, fertile lands, animal creation more prolific." Campbell disapproved of societies, Bainton says, due to his conviction that the church is the center of Christian activity. The Yale professor likewise discusses the problems of war and slavery in Campbell's life.

Other essays deal with Campbell's views on baptism, unity and his political activity. The last essay considers Campbell and the judgment of history.

President Gresham has passed some good stuff along to us. The inexpensive paperback edition places it within the reach of all. A final generalization I would make is that it appears that the more we study Campbell the more complex he seems to be. It is good that professors from Yale and Harvard have joined in the task of understanding Campbell. While this is useful, I wonder if they do not understand the age that produced the man better than the man himself. After all, perhaps Disciples are the best interpreters of Alexander Campbell.

—LEROY GARRETT

(Order all books from Restoration Review)

I am inviolably attached to the essential rights of mankind, and the true interests of society. I consider liberty in a genuine unadulterated sense, as the greatest of terrestrial blessings. I am convinced that the whole human race is entitled to it, and that it can be wrested from no part of them, without the blackest and most aggravated guilt.—*Alexander Hamilton*

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I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy.—*Thomas Paine.*

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The *summum bonum* with me is now truly epicurean, ease of body and tranquility of mind; and to these I wish to consign my remaining days.—*Thomas Jefferson*

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As I understand the Christian religion, it was, and is, a revelation. But how has it happened that millions of fables, tales, legends, have been blended with both Jewish and Christian revelation that have made them the most bloody religion that ever existed? How has it happened that all the fine arts, architecture, painting, sculpture, statuary, music, poetry, and oratory, have been prostituted, from the creation of the world, to the sordid and detestable purposes of superstition and fraud?—John Adams